

"HICKEY AND BOGGS"

First Draft Screenplay

Walter Hill

IMPORTANT

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BURBANK, CALIF.
STORY LIBRARY

DEC. 4 1970

FADE IN:

1. EXT. CARSON DRIVE PITTSBURGH WINTER DAY

An armored car lumbers down the highway, moving through Duquesne Heights -- grey, blackening snow covers the roadside.

2. INT. ARMORED CAR THE DRIVER & GUARD

stare straight ahead through the slitted windshield; on the dashboard near the DRIVER a cup of coffee sits radiating steam, clouding a small portion of the view.

3. REAR OF ARMORED CAR

An ARMED GUARD sits quietly on a small bench. Stacked on the floor before him are five canvas money sacks - each crammed to capacity; the neck of each sack is secured with rope fastened through a snap lock.

4. ON CARSON DRIVE

The armored car switches lanes and pulls onto the Smithfield Bridge turnoff; approaching the tollgate the heavy truck begins to slow down - gears whining against the weight of the vehicle.

5. EXT. TOLLBOOTH

The TOLLBOOTH OPERATOR and the armored car Driver exchange glances; as the truck pulls forward the tollman mechanically writes a notation into his logbook.

6. EXT. NORTHUMBERLAND DRIVE

A dark green Buick Electra with tinted windows pulls its way along with the mid-day traffic; the roadway skirts along the edge of Schenley Park, registering its huge leafless trees and meadows of white.

7. INSIDE THE BUICK

Four hard-faced MEN are seated; they are dressed in dark clothes save one Man in the back seat who wears a Yellow Raincoat. The Men all stare intently ahead; the Man in the front passenger seat checks his watch.

8. THE TIMEPIECE

Face shows 2:40.

9. THE MAN

in the front passenger seat speaks to the others:

MAN:
(barking the words)
Five minutes...

10. THE DRIVER

is working his jaw, driving carefully at low speed.

11. ON THE SMITHFIELD BRIDGE

the armored car moves across the girdered span, passing over the Monongahela's dark, oily water.

12. INSIDE THE ARMORED CAR

the Driver holds the vehicle in line with one hand as he sips his coffee. His partner in the front seat continues looking straight ahead.

13. ON NORTHUMBERLAND DRIVE.

the Buick prowls along the roadway moving into the park - once into the Common the street traffic grows lighter.

14. INSIDE THE BUICK THE MEN

The Man in the front passenger seat turns to the two Men in the rear, nodding his head. The Man in the Yellow Raincoat pulls open one side of the garment and reveals a Remington 12-gauge pump - the barrel pointed down, he works the action, then snicks the safety into the off position. The Man at his side simultaneously withdraws a Colt Diamond-back .38 from inside his coat, hefts the pistol, then pushes it into an outside coat pocket, leaving his hand on the gun.

15. THE ARMORED CAR

moves East down 2nd Street, passing the Laughlin Steel Works . the truck runs parallel to the Monongahela.

16. THE BUICK
drives out of the Common onto Forbes, the old ballpark slips past in the background.
17. IN THE SOHO DISTRICT THE BUICK
turns off Forbes into a row of disintegrating brownstones, then bends left into an alleyway.
18. AT THE HEAD OF THE ALLEY
the Buick rolls to a stop, facing cross traffic on Hamlet Avenue - McGee Memorial Hospital looms on the right.
19. THE ARMORED CAR
Driver finishes his coffee and brings the truck to a halt. The Guard beside him turns and gestures to the Guard in the rear, who now stands and braces himself against a handrail suspended from the roof.
20. 2ND STREET AND HAMLET AVENUE
The red light blinks to green; the armored car lurches forward through a left-hand turn onto Hamlet. The truck crosses into the right lane, slowly passing the alleyway where the Buick sits waiting.
21. WHITE PARKING ZONE AT THE FRONT OF THE FIRST FEDERAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH - HAMLET AVENUE
The armored car grinds up to the curb, stopping with a jerk. From inside the bank, a waiting BANK GUARD pushes open the glass door and moves out onto the sidewalk - he stops at the cab window of the truck.
22. ALLEYWAY THE BUICK'S
tinted windows are nearly opaque; the car glides forward.
23. HAMLET STREET THE ARMORED CAR
Driver and Guard exit the cab - along with the Bank Guard they move to the rear of the truck; the Driver taps twice on the metal-plated door - the door swings open. The Bank Guard and the Security Guard have both taken out their pistols, holding them pointed to the ground.

24. THE BUICK

Through the windshield, the armored car Driver can be seen removing the first sack from the truck, it is handed down to him by the Security Guard from inside the armored car - the Buick whips into the White parking zone behind the truck.

25. AT THE FRONT OF THE BANK

the Buick slams to a stop, the car doors fly open and three Men hurtle out - they now are wearing grotesque pig-like Halloween masks. Yellow Raincoat holds the shotgun level, the other two Men - pistols out - flank both sides of the car. The Guards turn, their faces registering disbelief as they raise their pistols.

26. YELLOW RAINCOAT

fires, works the pump, fires again.

27. AT REAR OF THE TRUCK

the two Guards are cut down by the holocaust - the Armored Car Driver, badly wounded, slumps backward, dropping his sack.

28. MEN FLANKING THE BUICK SIMULTANEOUS ACTION

They push shot after shot into the open door of the truck, the remaining Guard, riddled from the gunfire, tumbles out of the vehicle and onto the pavement.

29. INSIDE THE FIRST FEDERAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH

a YOUNG BANK GUARD runs forward, unholstering a short, ugly, Combat Magnum. Through the glass door in front of the Guard he sees the two men with pistols grabbing the canvas sacks as Yellow Raincoat stands. lookout - shotgun held ready.

30. YOUNG BANK GUARD

Still inside the bank - he levels the pistol.

31. YELLOW RAINCOAT

He sees the Young Guard - turns to him as the huge pistol roars - the force of the shot slams Yellow Raincoat back across the Buick's hood, the Remington pump flies overhead - clattering into the street.

32. THE MEN WITH PISTOLS

are holding the canvas sacks; the First Man throws his money-bag onto the car seat beside the Driver as the Officer fires again, splintering the masked head - killing him instantly.

The Second Man drops his sack and raises his pistol - only to be spun around senseless as he is hit in the shoulder by the Young Guard's third bullet.

33. INSIDE THE BUICK THE DRIVER

slams his foot onto the accelerator - the car hurls forward.

34. WITHIN THE BANK

the Young Guard kicks his way through the shattered glass doorway and moves out onto the sidewalk.

35. THE BUICK

is unable to totally clear the truck -- both passenger side doors are slammed shut as they strike an edge of the armored car. Yellow Raincoat is flipped from the car hood back onto the pavement where he lies without movement; the Buick powers into the street, wheels smoking...

36. THE YOUNG OFFICER

runs into the roadway - leveling his big pistol as the car speeds off, he fires three rapid shots...

37. ON THE DECK OF BUICK

two massive holes open up along the green metal -- the third shot SHATTERS the rear window.

38. THE DRIVER INSIDE THE BUICK

pulls off his mask; his face strains with terror, his body lurches upward as the bullets SLAM into the car.

39. ON HAMLET STREET THE BUICK

zig-zags in reaction to the gunshots, then straightens and moves away.

40. INSIDE THE BUICK THE DRIVER'S
eyes bulge as he clutches the wheel.

CUT TO:

41. THE DRIVER'S
eyes are still bulging, his face is frozen in death.

42. INT. SMALL APARTMENT
SAME AFTERNOON

The Driver's shirt is covered with blood; across the dingy room a WOMAN stands at a small kitchen table with her back turned - she packs a valise with the money from the armored car sack.

43. THE WOMAN'S HANDS TRANSFER THE MONEY

The greenbacks are of a large denomination - all 1000 or 500 dollar bills; the upturned faces of Cleveland and McKinley are visible. The Woman's hands are covered with brown leather gloves.

44. THE WOMAN

wears an overcoat and dark glasses, her coat collar has been turned up - a cloche hat covers her head and ears; very little of her face is visible, nor are there any distinguishing features - the only recognizable quality is her age - she is between twenty-five and thirty years old.

The Woman finishes transferring the money into the valise; she closes the leather satchel, then turns a small key through the valise lock - tests the latch, finally deposits the key within a purse sitting on the table near the satchel.

Turning, she lifts the valise and purse; without looking back she goes out the front door of the small apartment. At no time has the Woman given any attention to the dead man lying across the bed.

45. IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT

the Woman takes a key ring from her purse and locks the apartment door. She tests the doorknob, then turns away, moving down the dark corridor.

46. INT. STAIRWAY

The Woman passes down a wooden stairwell, her heels clacking as she paces along.

47. INT. BASEMENT GARAGE

The Woman emerges from the stair opening and crosses the dark garage to a Volkswagen Beetle - opening the door on the passenger side, she places the valise and her purse on the front passenger seat. A dripping noise is heard; the green Buick is parked next to the Volkswagen, its deck mutilated by the Magnum's bullets.

48. THE BUICK'S GAS TANK AND UNDERCARRIAGE

slowly drips gasoline as a result of the afternoon's gunfight. FOOTSTEPS, then the SOUND of the Volkswagen engine being started.

CUT TO:

49. INSIDE THE VOLKSWAGEN

The Woman is seen through the windshield, maintaining a diffused image of her features as she drives through the suburban streets of Hazelwood.

50. EXT. CITY STREETS WITHIN THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE DUSK

The Volkswagen fights along with the office hour traffic, pulling through the grimy urban slush; the glow from the City's huge industrial stacks now becomes visible.

51. ON LIBERTY AND GRANT STREET NIGHT

the Volkswagen pulls into an overhead parking lot across from the Penn-Central Station. The Woman partially rolls down the door window, pulling an orange parking ticket from the automatic feeder box - she removes the parking ticket and the striped restraining arm pulls upward; the Volkswagen zips ahead into the many-tiered auto-park.

52. LIBERTY AND GRANT INTERSECTION

As the signal changes, the Woman crosses Liberty and walks rapidly towards the entrance of the Penn-Central Station.

53. INSIDE PENN-CENTRAL STATION

The Woman stands in a ticket line as it moves slowly forward. Various gates open and close from behind, discharging passengers into the vault-like station.

54. EXT. PENN-CENTRAL STATION TRACKSIDE

The Woman walks along the narrow chute in front of the roundhouse, turning parallel to the waiting Broadway Limited. Passengers scurry - clutching their baggage - as they approach the gleaming train.

55. EXT. GANGWAY BROADWAY LIMITED

Still carrying only her valise and purse, the Woman goes up the two-step and into the Pullman car passageway.

56. INT. PASSENGER CAR PRIVATE COMPARTMENT

The Woman is now seated, the valise and purse rest on the opposite bench. The train jerks forward; as the Woman gazes out through the window, the city lights of Pittsburgh begin to flicker past.

57. INT. PRIVATE COMPARTMENT TIME CUT

The train speeds along; the Woman removes both the orange auto-park ticket and the apartment-Volkswagen key ring from her purse. She carefully rips the ticket into eight pieces, then lowers the compartment window. She throws the confetti-like ticket out through the opening, waits a moment, then also tosses the key ring into the blackness spinning by. Closing the window, she snaps her purse shut, sets it beside the valise and leans back in her seat; for the first time she assumes a relaxed posture.

58. THE VALISE

rests on the seat cushion as the train rumbles through the night.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

MAIN TITLE CREDIT

DISSOLVE TO:

59. EXT. UNION STATION CHICAGO

MORNING

The Woman steps down from the Broadway Limited carrying the valise and purse.

60. WITHIN A QUICK MONTAGE

The Woman passes through the train concourse, stands in a ticket line, sits in an over-stuffed lobby chair, enters the Union Pacific rampway and boards the U. P. City of Los Angeles.

61. CREDITS OVER

The train rolls West on the overland route; snow-covered prairies, the Mississippi, Cedar Rapids, the Missouri, Omaha, the Platte, Cheyenne, Laramie, The Rockies, Salt Lake, Las Vegas, the sun goes orange over the vast desert, becoming NIGHT, the train moves on...

CREDITS END.

62. EXT. TRACK 8, UNION STATION
LOS ANGELES

NIGHT

The City of Los Angeles wrenches to a stop, the air brakes shrieking as the metal wheels lock into place; rain falls across the shining Pullman cars, the passengers begin to step down onto the concrete walkway and move toward the central ramp.

63. INT. MAIN WAITING ROOM UNION STATION

The lobby is virtually deserted as the passengers emerge through Gate G.

The Woman appears near the end of a small group, her valise and purse are clutched tightly within her hands.

64. AT THE END OF THE WAITING ROOM

the Woman steps into a telephone booth and pulls the accordion door shut. A dime is dropped into the slot; she begins to dial.

65. THE WOMAN

after a short conversation, hangs the receiver up and opens the booth door.

SOUNDS of the terminal have completely covered her conversation.

66. ON THE MAIN CONCOURSE THE WOMAN

passes the baggage check stands, ticket windows and coin lockers; she moves towards the North Entrance.

67. EXT. CAB STAND NORTH ENTRANCE
800 N. ALAMEDA STREET

The Woman stands before the terminal entrance as a cab wheels up.

She enters the vehicle, the cab door slams shut; the hack pulls away through the rain, disappearing into the night.

68. IN THE CURBWAY

dirty rainwater rushes along, gurgling downward into a storm-drain opening.

CUT TO:

(NOTE: From this point onward, all events take place the following Autumn -- nine months later.)

69. A VIDEO-IMAGE

Two prize fighters pummel away at one another, fighting viciously, exchanging punch for punch on a 24-inch screen -- the color is blotchy, tinted a putrid orange from improper tuning or weakening tubes. The bell rings ending the round; the station cuts to a tape commercial: Nick Shamus for Felix Chevrolet appears.

70. INT. BLACKHAWK BAR & GRILL WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Wheymfaced bar patrons seated at the counter of the dark room turn away from the overhead tube as Shamus begins his pitch. Beyond the cash register two men are seated -- they concentrate on the bar glasses sitting in front of them.

71. THE TWO MEN

HICKEY is tall and late-thirties; he possesses a strong amiable face but the eyes reflect a stale quality -- much like a ballplayer past his best years, now condemned to finish his career on the bench...Hickey drinks a draught beer.

BOGGS at his side is a few years older; balding, going to fat, a Zachary All suit without a necktie, bifocals -- he maintains the veneer of a white-collar proletarian. Boggs favors straight bourbon in a shot glass with a water chaser.

BOGGS:
What came in this month?

HICKEY:
Maybe three hundred...

BOGGS:
Anybody owe us?

HICKEY:
Nope.

BOGGS:
Things look bad?

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

HICKEY:
That's right, big boy...

BOGGS:
Think we ought to borrow?

HICKEY:
Against what?

BOGGS:
You've got a point there...

The next round begins, they turn their faces upward, watching the action.

HICKEY:
He won't last.

BOGGS:
Five..

HICKEY:
Covered... We've got an appointment late tomorrow morning.

BOGGS:
You better keep it, I'm goin' in the tank tonight...

72. VIDEO IMAGE

One of the fighters crumbles under an onslaught of fists. The referee begins to count.

BOGGS VOICE:
(o.s.)
Why doesn't that little weasel get up?

HICKEY'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Because the big weasel would hit him some more...you're buying...

CUT TO:

73. EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY THURSDAY DAY

A warm sunny mid-morning. From off the highway a '67 Nova (not in the best of condition; a few dents, blackwalls,

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.)

the radio aerial bent back at a clumsy angle) drives into the metered parking zone fronting Will Rogers State beach. The sound of the Nova's economy-six engine indicates a tune-up is long overdue. Hickey emerges from behind the steering wheel dressed in sport coat and slacks (neither of them fashionable) -- he drops a coin in the parking meter which stubbornly makes no acknowledgment of money received. Hickey stares at the meter for a moment then hammers it repeatedly with the flat of his hand; finally beaten into submission the red signal flag disappears.

Stepping across the log barrier, Hickey begins walking out across the wide beach -- the horizon only occasionally broken up by sun bathers.

74. EXT. BEACH

A long incongruous walk as Hickey's black oxfords crunch over the sand. Once near the lifeguard tower he veers off to the right, finding a MAN sun-bathing on a brightly colored blanket -- face upwards, behind his head a transistor radio bangs away with a top-40 single.

The sun-bather turns as Hickey approaches, greeting him with a toothy smile.

SUN-BATHER:

(about forty years old,
soft bodied, all dark
glasses and California
tan greased up skin)

Mr. Hickey ... or Mr. Boggs?

HICKEY:

Hickey...

SUN-BATHER:

(slightly effeminate and
very precise)

Mr. Boggs won't be joining us?

Hickey's clothes are now becoming uncomfortable as he is surrounded by the white sun and sand.

HICKEY:

No... Mr. Boggs is in the office
this morning. How can we help you
Mr. Rice?

CUT TO:

75. INT. ORGANIZATION OFFICE

DAY

Luxuriant without being excessive; dark paneled walls, leather chairs, a mahogany desk -- three men are in the room; the one behind the desk (BRILL) is trim, gray, fifties -- two men stand before him, both are traditional young executive types.

Brill looks at the younger men as he carefully holds a thousand dollar bill, turning it over in his hand.

BRILL:

There's no mistake?

YOUNGER MAN:

None...

Brill continues turning over the greenback, then reaches for his desk phone, picks up the receiver and buzzes the outer office.

BRILL:

(as he waits for his
secretary to pick up
the line)

Let's get some soldiers...

CUT TO:

76. EXT. STATE BEACH - HICKEY - RICE

The transistor radio has been shut off as Hickey stands over him, Rice begins rubbing more oil onto his already gleaming body.

RICE:

(mid-sentence)

...it must be delicately done, it's been some time since I've seen her... just to find her is all that's really required. I don't want you to contact her ... you understand, she might shy away...discretion...you know the sort of thing I mean.

HICKEY:

Just find out where she is and tell you...

RICE:

Precisely...exactly...

CUT TO:

77. INT. SHABBY APARTMENT

A small angular man (NICK) lies across an unmade bed reading a paperback edition of PSYCHO-CYBERNETICS by Maxwell Maltz. As he turns a page the phone on the night stand rings, Nick rolls across the bedding and lifts the receiver off the cradle.

NICK:

(all the words come out
flat, emotionless)

Hello...yeah, sure...all right...
No, you call Monte then we'll get
Fatboy...right.

Nick hangs up the telephone, places a used toothpick (withdrawn from an ash tray) into the paperback to serve as a bookmark, then crosses the room and opens a closet door. From inside the repository he brings out a large metal tool kit -- which he takes back across the room and places down on the bed.

Opening the top compartment of the box he extracts a wooden gun-stock, a rifle barrel and gas cylinder, as well as various trigger guards, bolt guides, and ejection releases. Nick slaps the magazine and forearm into place, beginning the assembly of a special cut-down version of the BROWNING .30 Caliber AUTOMATIC RIFLE. As Nick works on the B.A.R. he whistles LADY OF SPAIN, giving it a sprightly rendition.

CUT TO:

78. EXT. STATE BEACH - HICKEY - RICE

The sunglasses have slipped down Mr. Rice's greasy nose; he stares over them at Hickey, smiling upward -- his catechism nearly complete. Hickey holds two slips of lavender paper in his hand.

RICE:

Questions, Mr. Hickey?

HICKEY:

No...you understand it may take
some time...

RICE:

Not too very long I trust...that
leaves the question of money...

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.)

HICKEY:

Two hundred a day and expenses...

RICE:

I see, doing your bit for inflation --
just a joke -- very well, my an-
swering service number is on one of
those pieces of paper...call when
you have something to report...

Rice reaches into a leather travel bag, pulling out
several carefully folded notes of tender.

RICE:

Five hundred dollars as an advance...
A demonstration of my sincerity...
that's sufficient?

Hickey places the money and the slips of lavender paper
into his wallet.

HICKEY:

I think so, Mr. Rice...

Rice leans back on his blanket, returning his attention to
the sun. He snaps the transistor back on.

RICE:

A rivederci, Mr. Hickey.

HICKEY:

I'll be talking to you...

Hickey turns and begins walking back over the sand toward
the parking lot. The song from the radio fades into the
distance.

79. EXT. PARKING LOT

The victory over the parking meter was transient, the red
flag is up again and a traffic ticket is stuck between the
Nova's wiper blade and windshield. Hickey grabs the ticket
with a bear-like movement and stuffs it into his coat pock-
et as he climbs behind the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

80. INT. SUBTERRANEAN AUTO REPAIR GARAGE

DAY

A glass walled inner office sits in the center of the
concrete flooring. White-coated mechanics work on several
cars mounted on hydraulic lifts, others are being tuned --

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont.)

a long row of automobiles, all of them late models, stand near the entrance. A man in a blue-denim shop coat is visible through the glass partition -- talking briefly on the telephone, then hanging up; he removes his coverall and goes through the door into the outer area, crossing to an older mechanic who is bent over the engine of a gleaming convertible.

81. NEAR THE CONVERTIBLE

As the man approaches the older mechanic his features become distinct; squat, swarthy, a hint of cruelty on his face -- he maintains an air of assurance.

MAN:

Jack?

JACK:

(he continues working
without looking up)

Yeah, Monte...

MONTE:

I'm takin' the G.T.O., the special...

JACK:

The keys are in it.

Monte turns and crosses to the row of parked cars.

82. MONTE - BEHIND THE WHEEL - TIME CUT

He kicks the engine over -- by the sound, the car is obviously a stroker.

83. THE G.T.O.

is dark blue, a '71 with 455 cubes; Monte guns it forward - it continuously RUBBERS all the way off the line, WHINING through a sweeping turn and up the entrance ramp where it disappears from view.

CUT TO:

84. EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY

Hickey's Nova turns off the throughway and onto the Highland exit, making the curve around the base of Cahuenga pass.

85. EXT. HIGHLAND BLVD.

Passing the Bowl parking lot and entrance way, the Nova plods south, pushing along with the traffic.

86. EXT. PARKING LOT HIGHLAND BLVD. BETWEEN YUCCA & HOLLYWOOD

The Nova crosses the double yellow line and careens into the parking lot, pulling into a spot against the back of a brick wall. Parked in the stall next to Hickey's car is a red and black '59 Edsel Ranger -- in immaculate condition.

87. EXT. WILLIAM WALTERS BLDG. - NORTHEAST CORNER OF HOLLYWOOD BLVD. AND HIGHLAND

The building's spire reaches into the gray-brown smog, stretching above the inverted cone roofline and colon-naded pinnacles; at the base of the sand-colored walls a group of robed CHANTERS stand near the curb and hold their shaven heads upward, singing Hare Krishna as they dance and bang their tambourines.

Hickey passes them without a glance and enters the building.

88. INT. HICKEY & BOGGS' OFFICE

Their place of business is one large room containing two formica topped desks that face one another; the other trappings include several metal file cabinets, a cheap sofa and several waiting chairs -- the walls are bleak, broken up only by a few landscape pictures, a calendar put out by Glendale Federal Savings; behind Boggs' desk there is an autographed picture of Tobin Rote, grinning while encased in the uniform of the Detroit Lions. On the whole, the office is neither dingy nor funky -- it does not reflect bad taste, only carelessness combined with a lack of funds.

(CONTINUED)

88 (Cont.)

Hickey saunters through the door finding Boggs with his feet up on his desk reading the Los Angeles Herald Examiner sports section.

HICKEY:
We're working...

BOGGS:
(continuing to read)
Glad to hear it...

Hickey removes the lavender slips of paper from his wallet.

HICKEY:
I don't want to disturb you...

BOGGS:
I'm pretty busy...

Hickey hands Boggs one of the pieces of paper.

HICKEY:
See this girl's name?

BOGGS:
Does she put out?

HICKEY:
It's business, dummy...

BOGGS:
(reading the slip of
paper)
Mary Jane Bauer. Tell me about
it...

HICKEY:
Some tulip named Rice wants to find
her...

BOGGS:
Why?

HICKEY:
He said a romantic connection...

(CONTINUED)

88 (Cont.1)

BOGGS:
A switch-hitting tulip...

HICKEY:
Let's not knock the client, we
got a five bill advance...

BOGGS:
(coming up three
levels)
Do you think money turns my head
around?

Boggs turns his head around.

HICKEY:
(smiling)
You're bang right, sweetpea...

CUT TO:

89. INT. WEIGHT ROOM HOLLYWOOD Y.M.C.A. DAY
SELMA AND HUDSON

A barbell loaded to 400 pounds clanks up off the holding rack, down onto an inflated chest, then upward again into a full extension of the tree-trunk round arms supporting the load -- five quick bench press reps, then the weight falls back onto the rack.

90. THE LIFTER

A huge bloated young man of twenty-five, breathing heavily from his exertion -- his body is round, solid, possessing an over-fed chubbiness that masks a draught-horse kind of strength; the muscles have great mass but little definition.

The Man (FATBOY) again pulls the huge weight off the rack and begins another set of bench presses -- his GRUNTS echoing throughout the room, the sweat dripping down his face onto the wooden floor.

CUT TO:

91. INT. SHOWER ROOM

Emerging like a distended spectre from the billowing clouds of steam -- a towel tied around his blimp-like gut, Fatboy pauses to weigh himself on the Fairbanks scale, then passes on toward the locker room.

92. DRESSING ROOM

Fatboy turns down an aisle flanked by two tiers of lockers; he moves down the corridor then pauses -- his blubbery face splits into a grin.

93. AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR

Nick and Monte are waiting, they smile back at Fatboy.

(X) CUT TO:

94. INT. MODERN APARTMENT KITCHEN DAY

(B) Bacon and eggs, sunny side up, crackle away on the electric stove. The bacon is lifted out of the frying pan with a spatula and placed across some paper towelling at the center of the stove.

95. THE MAN MAKING BREAKFAST

is slightly decrepit looking, befitting a man who eats breakfast at one o'clock in the afternoon. As he places the eggs on a waiting plate, the doorbell RINGS. The man, who wears an oriental bathrobe, puts the plate down on a vinyl-topped kitchen table and hurries out of the room.

96. INT. LIVING ROOM

The man quickly strides across the carpetless hardwood floor; the doorbell RINGS again.

97. THE MAN AS HE OPENS THE DOOR

smiles, then looks puzzled, then is shot three times in the chest by a silenced pistol. He slips downward.

CUT TO:

98. INT. HICKEY & BOGGS' OFFICE

Hickey is now seated, Boggs is pulling a coat on over his short-sleeved shirt. Hickey copies the information off the lavender slips into a small notebook.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.)

BOGGS:

Did he give us anything to work on?

HICKEY:

(he tears a leaf out
of the notebook and
hands it to Boggs)

The names of three people that might
know where she is...Farrow, Swope and
Burns.

BOGGS:

When was the last time Rice saw Mary
Jane?

HICKEY:

Three weeks ago...I'll see Farrow,
you look up Tina Swope...

BOGGS:

(as he studies
the notepaper)

Kiss me, Tina...hey, how's Nyona doing?

Hickey shrugs his shoulders and continues writing.

CUT TO:

99. EXT. PARKING LOT BEHIND WALTERS BLDG.

Hickey stands near the Nova, Boggs is at his side.

BOGGS:

Why the hell didn't Rice call these
people? Save himself a few nickels...

HICKEY:

He's puttin' on the style...they were
all friends years ago but Rice doesn't
like them anymore, he only wants Mary
Jane.

BOGGS:

It's his money...

HICKEY:

Some of it's going to be ours...By
the way, Rice doesn't want us to
mention his name when we see these
turkeys...

BOGGS:

My lips are sealed.

CUT TO:

100. INT. ROLLER RINK

DAY

A small matinee crowd -- skaters glide and slide, speeding, turning, dancing to the SOUND of a raucous pipe organ. A young Black wearing mirror-like dark glasses pirouettes across the arena, constantly flashing a smile toward the few onlookers standing in the gallery. Several couples, oblivious to the rhythm of the music, skate with deliberation -- clutching at one another's hands.

101. THE ORGAN

High above the floor, away from the grandstand -- the positioning of the rostrum gives the organist a comprehensive view of the arena. A buxom woman of thirty sits at the keyboard, playing with an imitation Earl Grant touch -- dexterously fingering her way through the number. As the organist completes the song, Boggs appears from around the corner of the podium, holding half a Baby Ruth candy bar, furiously chewing the remaining portion.

BOGGS:

That was real sweet.

The ORGANIST regards Boggs suspiciously.

BOGGS:

(continuing)

Tina Swope?

TINA:

That's right...

BOGGS:

I'm looking for a friend of yours.

Boggs reaches inside his coat with his free hand, pulling out his wallet -- he flashes his badge with a manner of exaggerated self-importance.

BOGGS:

(continuing)

My name's Boggs. I'm a special investigator...

TINA:

I'm in the middle of a set...

BOGGS:

Just take a minute.

TINA:

Bag your ass...

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.)

BOGGS:

(cramming the rest of
the Baby Ruth into his
mouth)

Be polite now...

TINA:

What's it about?

BOGGS:

Mary Jane Bauer.

TINA:

She in trouble?

BOGGS:

Just want to find her.

TINA:

I haven't seen Mary Jane in six years...

Tina Swope turns abruptly away from Boggs and begins playing SUGAR SHACK -- banging it out. Still chewing, Boggs watches her hands moving up and down the keys -- transmitting the SOUND to the pipes curling overhead.

CUT TO:

102. EXT. MODERN APARTMENT BUILDING

Hickey stands at the archway before the central courtyard of the apartment house. He runs his finger along a row of brass mailbox fronts.

103. MAILBOX

A nameplate which reads:

Leroy Farrow
Apt. 23

104. THE ARCHWAY

Hickey moves away from the mailbox and into the courtyard.

105. INT. APARTMENT HOUSE CORRIDOR

Hickey advances down the length of the hallway, stopping at a white door marked #23. The HUM of the air conditioning unit sounds throughout the passage. Hickey KNOCKS at the door, waits, then BUZZES the doorbell. After a few moments pause, Hickey buzzes the bell again. Still no answer, he turns to go -- his foot slides along the linoleum flooring; Hickey looks down.

106. BASE OF APARTMENT DOORWAY

From beneath the apartment door a thin trickle of scarlet oozes into the corridor.

107. HICKEY

looks at the blood, then brings his eyes upward.

CUT TO:

108. EXT. SPEEDWAY AVENUE VENICE

AFTERNOON

The WOMAN from the Pittsburgh sequence walks along the sidewalk, passing store fronts and shop windows. The Woman now wears a different style of hat and dark glasses, but her features remain hidden -- her figure concealed by an ankle-length, suede overcoat.

The Woman halts at the window of the ALOHA FLORIST AND NURSERY; she moves close to the glass, shading her eyes, peering inward.

109. INT. ALOHA FLORIST SHOP THROUGH THE GLASS

A bearded Man behind the counter; he rings up a sale of white carnations to an elderly couple -- they collect their change and begin to move away.

110. EXT. FLORAL SHOP

The elderly couple comes through the front door which is politely held ajar for them by the Woman. The Woman enters the shop, the glass door swings shut behind her.

CUT TO:

111. INT. MODERN APARTMENT

The Man with the oriental bathrobe lies supine near the doorway, his picture being taken by a Police Photographer. Hickey watches as the various camera angles are flashed off -- other Policemen take notes, examine the room, make sketches; a Man from the Coroner's office begins to examine the body as two Ambulance Attendants stand at his side.

112. ACROSS THE ROOM

A Uniformed Patrolman, about the same age as Hickey, stands near the apartment window; Hickey approaches him with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

PATROLMAN:

Walked into one, huh?

HICKEY:

Danger is my calling...How you been, Ted?

TED:

Okay, it's all the same...you ought to come around.

HICKEY:

When you getting out of the blue?

TED:

Those goddamn tests...

HICKEY:

Who they sending down?

TED:

Papadakis...I think.

HICKEY:

Mr. Goodtimes...

TED:

(reluctantly smiling)
Yeah...right. He really gets his nose in...

113. INT. KITCHEN

Hickey stands idly by as the Photographer snaps off some pictures of the victim's potential breakfast. The various Police Specialists grimly go about their work as Hickey thumbs through a cookbook.

114. EXT. STREET FRONT OF APARTMENT HOUSE

An unmarked police car wheels up, pulling in behind a waiting ambulance and several patrol cars -- their red lights move in stuttering circles. Two dark-suited men (PAPADAKIS and SHAW) step out of the unmarked car and enter the building.

115. INT. APARTMENT

Papadakis and Shaw come through the doorway, Shaw stopping to speak with the Coroner's Assistant. Papadakis looks momentarily at the body, then approaches Ted. Hickey has returned from the kitchen, still carrying the cookbook.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)

PAPADAKIS:
 (he looks at Hickey,
 then speaks to Ted)
 Who was the first officer here?

TED:
 Nichols...

PAPADAKIS:
 How long's the place been posted?

TED:
 About thirty-five minutes...

PAPADAKIS:
 Good...Who found him?

TED:
 Hickey.

Though remaining in proximity, Hickey has turned away from Papadakis and the Patrolman, apparently engrossed in a recipe. Papadakis turns abruptly and speaks to Hickey -- his voice has a rasping quality.

PAPADAKIS:
 Who is he?

HICKEY:
 Start out by saying hello...

PAPADAKIS:
 Hello...

HICKEY:
 How's the public servant?

PAPADAKIS:
 I haven't got time...Who is he?

HICKEY:
 I think his name's Farrow...

PAPADAKIS:
 Why were you here?

HICKEY:
 Skip-tracing a girl, he was a
 referral...

116. OVER THE BODY

LATER

Papadakis looks down at the deceased; Hickey, Shaw and the Coroner's Assistant stand near him. The Ambulance Attendants have undone a stretcher and blanket.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

SHAW:
(to Papadakis)
Bernie's got all his pictures...the
guy was making breakfast.

CORONER'S ASSISTANT:
(to Papadakis)
Three shots, point blank, look like
a .32, about two hours ago...

PAPADAKIS:
(he continues to look
down at the body)
We got it all then?

SHAW:
Looks like it...

Papadakis hesitates, then nods to the Coroner's Assistant.

PAPADAKIS:
All right...he's yours.

The Ambulance Attendants cover the body with a woolen blanket,
then begin to strap the corpse onto the stretcher.

PAPADAKIS:
(turning to Hickey)
Give us a full statement.

HICKEY:
(looking down)
Sharpen your pencil...

CUT TO:

117. A GRUNDIG TAPE RECORDER

The master switch is at the record mark, the tape slides
through the head cover -- pulling from one reel to the next.

HICKEY'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
I arrived at 2211 Larkspur at
approximately 2:20 p.m. By
checking the mailbox I determined
that Leroy Farrow lived in Apt. 23,
thus my uncanny reasoning ability
told me to proceed to apartment
number 23...

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont.)

SHAW'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

No goddamn jokes. Note to
stenographer -- strike Hickey's
last remarks and my comment...

118. INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS EXAMINATION ROOM

Hickey has slouched down in an office chair, Shaw stands
nearby. The recorder is sitting on the desk before both
men, the tape reels continue to turn.

SHAW:

Just give it straight...

HICKEY:

Sure...I knocked on the door, then
buzzed the doorbell. There wasn't
any answer...when I saw some blood
under the doorway, I contacted the
apartment house manager...

CUT TO:

119. EXT. SPEEDWAY AVENUE VENICE

LATE AFTERNOON

The G.T.O. prowls down the street, stopping just beyond
the Aloha Floral Shop. Fatboy and Nick get out of the
car, Monte remains behind the wheel.

120. ALOHA FLORIST FRONT DOOR

A placard has been slipped behind the glass door --
reading: CLOSED. Below the sign the store hours are
painted onto the glass:

OPEN

10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Mon. thru Sat.

Closed on Sunday

Nick and Fatboy stand before the door, obviously irritated
that the establishment is not open. Fatboy reaches out and
begins to violently RATTLE the door handle -- punishing the
lock. Nick puts his hand on Fatboy's arm, restraining him.
The big man pulls his arm away from the door.

CUT TO:

121. EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. NEAR ALVARADO . EVENING

The Nova whips up to the curb, coming to a stop in a yellow loading zone. The open expanse of MacArthur Park lies in the b.g. Hickey steps out of the car and enters the Princess Beauty Salon.

122. INT. PRINCESS SALON

Hickey approaches the reception desk -- an area partitioned off from the rest of the beauty parlor. The telephone GIRL/cashier looks up from the accounts book.

HICKEY:

Nyona still here?

GIRL:

She left at four...

HICKEY:

Okay, thanks.

Hickey turns to leave.

GIRL:

Who should I say came by?

HICKEY:

(going out the door)

Better not say.

CUT TO:

123. INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS HOMICIDE OFFICE

Sgt. Papadakis is pinning up huge enlargements of Farrow's corpse on a bulletin board behind his desk. A Senior Officer approaches him, (LIEUT. WYATT), Papadakis turns as he hears the SOUND of Wyatt's footsteps.

WYATT:

What happened?

PAPADAKIS:

Guy got blown up...

WYATT:

Robbery?

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont.)

PAPADAKIS:

Doesn't look like it, just opened
up his front door and got paid off...

WYATT:

Got it all on paper?

PAPADAKIS:

Most of it's on your desk... Shaw's
still got Al Hickey's transcript...
he found him.

WYATT:

Who's Hickey?

PAPADAKIS:

(turning back to the
pictures)

He used to be with the Hollenbeck
Division...

124.

INT. BLACKHAWK BAR AND GRILL

EVENING

Boggs sits at the bar hovering over his shot glass.
Hickey enters the Blackhawk and pulls up a stool next
to Boggs, simultaneously gesturing to the barkeep.

HICKEY:

Liquid dinner?

BOGGS:

Merely a cocktail before heading
homeward.

HICKEY:

How was Tina?

BOGGS:

Not at all respectful of my position...

The Bartender pours Hickey a splash of Jim Beam.

HICKEY:

Anything?

BOGGS:

She hasn't seen Mary Jane in quite a
while... years. They went with two
brothers named Burns... Mary Jane's
boyfriend went to the can for armed
robbery.

HICKEY:

Tough way to make a buck... we see
the other Mr. Burns tomorrow?

124 (Cont.)

BOGGS:

Right. What about Farrow?

Hickey sips his drink.

HICKEY:

He caught a bullet sandwich...

Boggs lets the information settle through his mind.

BOGGS:

Dead?

HICKEY:

Yeah... I found him.

BOGGS:

Gonna tell me about it?

HICKEY:

Plug your head in...

CUT TO:

125. EXT. CLAPBOARD HOUSE GLENDALE NIGHT

A small cottage-like-building surrounded by a peeling white picket-fence; the grass is unmown, weeds crowd up through the flower beds. Hickey comes up the walkway, goes through the dilapidated gate and approaches the front door. Several rooms are lit within the house.

Hickey knocks at the door several times; when no one answers he fishes into his pocket and withdraws a set of keys, after selecting the proper one he quietly opens the door.

126. INT. FRONT ROOM

In contrast to the exterior of the house a pleasant neatness is visible; the furniture is White Front, the carpet from Troy, but the effect is affable -- producing a lived in congeniality. Hickey enters and momentarily pauses at the center of the room; he then moves to the sofa, lifting a magazine off the coffee table (a current edition of LOOK) he rifles through it while remaining standing. The SOUND of water running in a shower can be heard. Hickey puts down the magazine and goes into the hallway.

127. INT. HALLWAY

Hickey walks down the small dark corridor, a shaft of

(CONTINUED)

127 (Cont.)

light APPEARS through the half-open bathroom doorway at the end of the hall. The SOUND of the shower grows in its intensity. Hickey stops before the bathroom door, then pushes it open.

128. INT. BATHROOM

Steam hangs in the air, clouding upward over the nearly opaque plastic shower curtain; only the dim shape of a human form is visible standing in the porcelain tub. Hickey stares at the shower for a moment, starts to speak -- then decides to announce his presence by flushing the toilet. As the bowl gurgles the volume of shower spray decreases sharply.

The shape beyond the curtain stands frozen for a split-second-then a woman's head pops out of the shower.

WOMAN:

(livid)

Hey, god damn it, that's not funny...

HICKEY:

(with the practical

joker's infuriating grin)

Jesus Nyona, I knocked on the door...

NYONA:

Your sense of humor is pathetic...

god damn you...

(she snaps off the

shower spray)

Don't stand there throw me a towel...

Hickey fastballs a towel at her head, a moment later she emerges from the shower, wrapped in the linen, still very much enraged.

NYONA:

(continuing)

Quit gawking, get out of here, wait in the front room, I almost had a heart attack, you think everything you do is so god damn cute...

Nyona is under-built and on the wrong side of thirty; her face suggests attractiveness without being pretty, her hair has been cut short.

HICKEY:

...it was just a way of saying hello...

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.)

NYONA:

Just wait in the other room...

She pushes Hickey back into the hallway, SLAMMING the door shut as he exits.

129. INT. FRONT ROOM

TIME CUT

Hickey is lying on the sofa as Nyona enters the room, she is now wearing a robe. Her anger has subsided into petulance.

HICKEY:

Feel better?

NYONA:

What do you want?

HICKEY:

Why Nyona, I want to see you...

NYONA:

First time in three weeks...

HICKEY:

I been working pretty hard...

NYONA:

On who?

HICKEY:

Come on... loosen up a little.

NYONA:

No... I really don't like this, you just walk in like you live here...

HICKEY:

I did.

NYONA:

Not any more.

HICKEY:

You gave me the key.

NYONA:

That was different... look I am really ticked off and you're not going to smile out of it...

Hickey sits upright on the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

129 (Cont.)

HICKEY:
(now serious)
You want me to go?

She looks at him, slowly deciding.

NYONA:
Yes.

HICKEY:
(with a shrug)
O.K.

Hickey crosses the room and stands at the doorway.

HICKEY:
(continuing; back to
the jokes)
I'll give you another chance...

NYONA:
Keep moving...

HICKEY:
I'll be nice...

NYONA:
Not tonight... it's not free, you've
got to earn it.

HICKEY:
(going out the door)
Spare me the drama...

130. NYONA
watching him go.

DISSOLVE TO:

131. EXT. FREEWAY NEAR INTERCHANGE FRIDAY MORNING

The mid-morning traffic snarl; cars move like swarming insects on the crust of a giant hive, completely enveloped in an orange haze of exhaust... the Edsel fights its way through the jam of metal, rubber and glass -- edging forward in the center lane

132. INSIDE THE EDSSEL
Boggs is behind the wheel. On the car radio the VOICE of

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.)

Jim Healy grinds out the latest news and rumors within the sports world; the surrounding cars creep ahead.

CUT TO:

133. INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS PAPADAKIS' OFFICE

The Grundig tape recorder has now been placed on Papadakis' desk; Shaw and Papadakis listen as the tape reels wind forward.

HICKEY'S VOICE:

...Boggs and I are working for a guy named Rice, he gave us Farrow's address...

SHAW'S VOICE:

Where can we find Rice?

HICKEY'S VOICE:

I don't have a location, he only gave me an answering service exchange...

SHAW'S VOICE:

You don't know where to find him?

HICKEY'S VOICE:

Only through the service... that's the way he wanted it.

Papadakis snaps off the recorder and turns to Shaw.

PAPADAKIS:

Let's nail Rice right away...

SHAW:

Check through the service?

PAPADAKIS:

Don't call him, go over there and get the exchange's records on him... I want to know where he lives and what he does... let's get him in here...

CUT TO:

134. INT. MODERN APT. HOUSE HALLWAY

A Uniformed Policeman stands next to the doorway of apartment 23, staring blankly ahead. Boggs approaches him from down the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

134 (Cont.)

BOGGS:

Morning...

The Officer regards Boggs with a questioning glance.

BOGGS:

(continuing)

I'm Boggs, Hickey's partner...

(he displays his badge
again with a flourish)...the guy that found the body. I'm
gonna check around inside...

OFFICER:

You have to get...

BOGGS:

It's been okayed...

The Officer hesitates, then somewhat reluctantly allows Boggs to enter Farrow's apartment.

135. INT. APARTMENT

Boggs enters the apartment, stepping over the chalked outline of Farrow's body - he makes a cursory tour of the room, noting the graphite splotches on the furniture left by the fingerprint specialists. Boggs crosses to a small desk, rifles through the drawers, then stares for a moment at the desk top.

136. ON THE DESK TOP

A notation has been clearly printed on the Calendar-Memo pad near the telephone:

"RAMS - BEARS + 1
16-68-1,2,3"

137. BOGGS

looks down.

BOGGS:

One less sports fan.

Boggs continues to putter around the room, casually moving back near the doorway. He again looks at the chalk-lined figure of the corpse.

138. INT. KITCHEN

Boggs glances at the stove and overhead shelves, pausing

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

to nibble at one of the pieces of cold bacon which still lies on the paper toweling.

Boggs crosses to the refrigerator, looks inside, then opens the freezer compartment. From behind the Detective there is a SNAPPING SOUND, then a continuous scratching noise. Boggs shuts the ice-box and looks in the direction of the sound.

A moment of silence, then the scratching noise occurs again.

Boggs moves back to the sink and opens the cupboard door beneath the drain.

139. INSIDE THE CUPBOARD

A mouse has been caught by the tail in a spring trap; he struggles, trying to free himself, producing the scratching sound. Boggs looks inside, reaches around the boxes of soap and Drano; he releases the spring - the mouse scampers away. As Boggs withdraws his hand he sees a small white cardboard box taped to the drainpipe. His curiosity aroused, Boggs removes the friction tape and lifts the box upward.

140. BOGGS

is now standing next to the sink, he pushes the small carton open.

141. WITHIN THE CARTON

Boggs sees two 1,000 dollar bills and a small slip of paper.

CUT TO:

142. EXT. ARCHWAY MODERN APARTMENT BUILDING

Boggs walks through the courtyard and archway towards the street. Two police cars are parked at the front of the apartment house.

143. EXT. STREET

The G.T.O. rumbles down the highway.

144. INT. G.T.O.

Monte turns the car onto Larkspur; Nick is at his side, Fatboy in the back seat. Nick and Fatboy crane their necks as they check the addresses of the apartment houses slipping by.

145. NICK

He stares across the street, then apprehensively touches Monte's arm.

146. MODERN APARTMENT HOUSE THRU WINDSHIELD

The two Police Cars sit directly in the line of vision. Boggs stands beside one of the patrol cars talking to an Officer. The Edsel is parked nearby.

147. INT. G.T.O.

The three men stare across at the modern apartment house, then exchange glances.

148. EXT. LARKSPUR AVENUE

The G.T.O. continues down the street then makes a quick right hand turn - passing from view. Neither Boggs nor the Officer have noted its presence.

CUT TO:

149. INT. HOT DOG SHOW

Hickey sits at the white plastic counter drinking a cup of coffee; Boggs arrives through the doorway and sits at the next stool. They both stare at the menu on the wall as the waiter/cook approaches.

BOGGS:

Anything?

HICKEY:

The floral shop was closed...
(to the waiter)

I'd like the Prince of Dogs...

BOGGS:

I'll take the Baron... a double order.

HICKEY:

Make you thinner...

BOGGS:

A man's got to have a hobby.

WAITER:

(to Boggs)

Anything to drink?

BOGGS:

Coffee...black.

The waiter moves away. Boggs reaches into his coat and pulls out the slip of paper he found taped to the drainpipe.

BOGGS:

I found this at Farrows'...

HICKEY:

(looking the paper over)

Big deal, Ellery Queen...

BOGGS:

Found these too...

He hands the thousand dollar bills to Hickey.

HICKEY:

Mother...

BOGGS:

Pity to turn them in...

(CONTINUED)

149 (Cont.)

HICKEY:

Sure is... Let's call Rice first...

BOGGS:

Let's eat first...

As the dogs arrive

CUT TO:

150. EXT. PARKING LOT

Boggs leans against his Edsel as Hickey makes a call within a nearby phone booth. Boggs picks his teeth with a matchstick; Hickey hangs up the receiver, steps out of the booth and crosses to Boggs.

HICKEY:

Rice checked his service off this morning...

BOGGS:

Closed the account?

HICKEY:

(nodding)

No forwarding number...

They move towards the car.

CUT TO:

151. INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS HOMICIDE DETECTIVE BUREAU

Several rows of battered desks dot the room, the listless pace of mid-afternoon paper work envelops the office; Shaw sits at one of the rear desks, typing a 15.7 police form. Shaw looks up as Hickey and Boggs walk down the aisle-way towards him.

HICKEY:

Where can we find Papadakis...

SHAW:

I can take care of it...

HICKEY:

No, you can't... Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.)

BOGGS:

We're not askin' to see the Pope...

Shaw begins to rise.

CUT TO:

152. INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS PAPADAKIS' OFFICE

PAPADAKIS holds the money and slip of paper before him; Hickey and Boggs stand in front of the desk, Shaw flanks the Sergeant's side, peering over his shoulder.

PAPADAKIS:

Under the drain pipe?

BOGGS:

In the kitchen...

Papadakis holds up the piece of paper, the pencil markings are visible.

PAPADAKIS:

You know any of these names?

BOGGS:

Nope.

PAPADAKIS:

Hickey?

HICKEY:

(shakes his head)

We can't do all your work for you...

PAPADAKIS:

How'd you get in?

BOGGS:

Walked.

SHAW:

The apartment's off limits...

HICKEY:

Knock the crap off, just say thank you...

SHAW:

We would have found it...

HICKEY:

Sure, any month now...

152 (Cont.)

BOGGS:

Just thought we'd help you boys
out...

PAPADAKIS:

All right, o.k., my ear's bleeding.
(he hands the money
to Shaw, retaining
the slip of paper)
Check it out, run it through...
have them put a jerk in it...

SHAW:

Right...

BOGGS:

(to Shaw)

Get right on that will you kid...

HICKEY:

Let us know if anything comes up...

Hickey and Boggs' amble away; Papadakis continues to study
the small rectangle of note paper.

153. INT. EDSSEL

DAY

Boggs drives along the streets bordering Bunker Hill; Hickey
is beside him, turning things over in his mind.

HICKEY:

Did you make a copy of that note...

BOGGS:

It's in my pocket.

HICKEY:

Papadakis will be ahead of us on that...
I hate giving those guys anything.

BOGGS:

They'd have us bare bummy and no
license if we didn't...it could be
nothing, we're only looking for
Mary Jane...

HICKEY:

(sullenly)

Yeah...

The Edsel pulls onto the Harbor Freeway and heads north
towards the interchange.

CUT TO:

154. INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT

AFTERNOON

A black Chrysler Imperial pulls up to the curbway near the overhead building's self-service elevator. Brill gets out of the back seat of the limousine, which then is chauffeured away.

BALLARD, one of the junior executives from Scene #75, punches the elevator button as Brill comes up the cement walkway. The elevator doors slide open.

BRILL:

Anything yet?

Ballard shakes his head "no", both men enter the elevator; Brill's face registers no emotion. As the elevator doors begin to close.

CUT TO:

155. ON A METAL LATHE

A rod turns against the bit, the machine whines as metal shavings curl and spin to the floor, lubricating oil drips onto the tempered steel blade, two hands work the bit pressure up and down, putting a beveled edge on the twirling shaft.

156. INT. CHINO PRISON MACHINE SHOP

DAY

The prisoners read blueprints, sharpen tools, set up equipment; the tool and die work CLANGS through the room. The PRISONER running the lathe is a lean crew-cut man -- safety glasses pulled down over his eyes, he concentrates on the beveled rod.

From across the shop a uniformed GUARD approaches the prisoner and taps his shoulder; the prisoner looks up and cuts off the lathe, the guard speaks to him, the words are indistinct over the NOISE of the power tools.

CUT TO:

157. INT. HALLWAY CHINO PRISON

The Guard leads the Prisoner along a deserted corridor. They abruptly turn and enter two wide swinging doors.

158. INT. VISITATION ROOM

The Guard remains standing against the back wall as the Prisoner approaches the long table.

159. ON THE VISITOR'S SIDE OF TABLE

Through the separating window, her face still obscured by the hat and dark glasses, the Woman sits waiting....

CUT TO:

160. EXT. SPEEDWAY AVE. VENICE

LATE AFTERNOON

The Edsel stops along the metered parking zone, Hickey and Boggs get out of the car. Boggs pulls a paper sack out of the back seat of the Edsel and plops it over the parking meter.

161. PARKING METER

Written in bold letters on the paper bag:

OUT OF ORDER

162. FROM THE SIDEWALK

Hickey and Boggs enter the Aloha Florist and Nursery; the shop bell rings as they move inside.

163. INSIDE THE FLORAL SHOP

the Bearded Man is applying the finishing touches to a funeral spray as Hickey and Boggs enter the doorway. As they approach the counter he sets aside the arrangement, and flashes them a professional smile.

MAN:

Can I help you fellows?

HICKEY:

Are you Burns?

BURNS:

(slightly taken aback)
That's right...

BOGGS:

(whipping out his badge)
We're special investigators...

(CONTINUED)

163 (Cont.)

Burns studies them momentarily.

BURNS:

That mean you're not real cops?

Hickey ignores the question.

HICKEY:

We want to find Mary Jane...Bauer.

BOGGS:

You seen her?

BURNS:

(irritated)

What the hell?

HICKEY:

(soothing tone)

We're just looking for her...
no trouble.

BURNS:

I haven't seen her in five years,
maybe more... I got a lot of work
here...

BOGGS:

Haven't seen her since she went
with your brother?

BURNS:

That's right...

BOGGS:

(badgering)

He still wearing a number?

Burns' irritation moves into sullenness; he hesitates.

BURNS:

Muff off, both of you, I just
sell flowers.

CUT TO:

164. EXT. SPEEDWAY AVE.

DUSK

Hickey and Boggs sit dejectedly in the Edsel; Boggs works
at a toothpick as Hickey studies his notes.

(CONTINUED)

164 (Cont.)

BOGGS:

Looks like we got no Mary Jane and
no client...

Hickey turns one of the papers over.

HICKEY:

This what you copied off Farrow's
note?

BOGGS:

Three names...and address on the
back.

165. EXT. SPEEDWAY AVE. THE G.T.O.

thunders up the street, coming in the opposite direction of
the parked Edsel. The G.T.O. slows down, then begins to park-
still well up the street from Hickey and Boggs.

166. INT. EDESEL BOGGS

as the THRASHING SOUND of the G.T.O.'s motor catches his
attention; he watches as the vehicle comes to a halt.

167. EXT. G.T.O.

Nick, Monte, and Fatboy exit the car and cross the street,
moving towards the opposite sidewalk.

168. INT. EDESEL

Hickey still examines the notes; Boggs now eyes the sidewalk,
watching the trio.

BOGGS:

Those guys look like they mean it...

Hickey looks up as Monte, Nick and Fatboy enter the Floral
Shop.

HICKEY:

Let's check this address.

Boggs kicks the engine over, the Edsel pulls away.

169. INT. FLORAL SHOP

The three thugs swing open the glass door, triggering the shop bell; Monte positions himself by the doorway, Fatboy and Nick cross to the counter as Burns appears from a rear portion of the store. As Burns begins his salesman's smile, Nick flips open his coat and snaps out a 9 m.m. Smith & Wesson model 39, holding the pistol even with Burns' middle.

Burns reacts to the gun -- Fatboy instantaneously grabs him from across the counter, lifts him off his feet and hurls him into the rear of the shop, SMASHING through a wicker doorway. Fatboy nimbly vaults across the counter, quickly moving after the fallen Burns.

170. AT THE REAR OF SHOP

Fatboy again lifts Burns off his feet as if he were a grocery sack, now SLAMMING him through the nearby greenhouse wall -- glass splintering and shattering.

171. INT. GREENHOUSE

Fatboy kicks his way through the glass panes, again onto Burns like an agile sea elephant - lifting his body, throwing him back across several collapsing tables, plants strewn everywhere...

Nick comes into the greenhouse -- still holding the pistol.

172. FATBOY

pulls Burns up from the floor and flattens him across one of the standing flower tables -- he clears the plants away with one sweep of his arm. Securing his grip, Fatboy holds Burns' bleeding head between his hands.

Nick moves to Fatboy's side; Burns stares upward - eyes wide. Fatboy stands ready to squeeze Burns' head into pulp.

173. NICK

all smiles as he leans down over Burns.

NICK:
Tell us where she is...

CUT TO:

174. EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

NIGHT

A skid row area, small amounts of street traffic pass through the urban blight; the Edsel comes to a stop beyond the entrance of the Egyptian Hotel. Hickey and Boggs step out of their car and enter the decaying building.

175. INT. LOBBY EGYPTIAN HOTEL

The lobby is spacious but deserted, the furniture overstuffed and threadbare; though now in a state of final decline there is evidence that the Egyptian was once an establishment of quality -- the nave and trefoil archway remain splendid. The two detectives cross through the waiting room and press the button of the hotel's only elevator.

176. BOGGS AND HICKEY

as they wait. Boggs looks across the room.

BOGGS:

Hold on a second...

He moves away from Hickey and strides over to the registration desk. Behind the ledger only a BEDRAGGLED WOMAN running the switchboard is visible. Boggs engages her in quiet conversation.

177. HICKEY

waiting, bored. The elevator door pops open. Hickey traps it, holding it ajar as Boggs comes back across the lobby.

178. INT. ELEVATOR TIME CUT

The cables noisily jerk the carriage upward; Boggs is in mid-sentence:

BOGGS:

... the place is rented out to Shirley Tappan... Nobody's seen her for a few days... it's the only apartment rented on the fourth floor.

(CONTINUED)

178 (Cont.)

HICKEY:

You turned on the personality...

BOGGS:

Yeah, and fifty scoots...the cops
were here this afternoon.

HICKEY:

Nothing?

BOGGS:

Nobody home...

179. EXT. HALLWAY FOURTH FLOOR

The two detectives step out of the elevator and move down the dingy corridor to room 4-D. After a few KNOCKS, Boggs produces a pass key.

HICKEY:

Got your money's worth...

BOGGS:

(turning the key)

Just in the line of duty...she'll
buzz us if any heat shows up.

The door opens; Hickey reaches around the corner and flips on the light switch. They both move inside the room.

180. EXT. EGYPTIAN HOTEL

The G.T.O. powers up to the curb. Nick, Monte and Fatboy emerge from their vehicle and enter the hotel's double doors.

181. INT. LOBBY

The three thugs cross to the elevator and press the "Up" button.

182. RECEPTION DESK

The bedraggled Woman at the switchboard looks across the room, noting the three men.

183. INT. APARTMENT 4D

Hickey and Boggs rummage and poke around, not upsetting the room's meager contents. Boggs stands over the small writing desk, looking down at the telephone. He thumbs through the pastel note pad near the receiver.

184. PASTEL NOTE PAD

All the pages are blank.

185. BOGGS

opens one of the desk drawers.

186. INSIDE THE DRAWER

Empty - save for a small envelope -- written on the envelope:

17-68-1, 2 & 3

187. BOGGS

looks inside the envelope, then crumples it into his coat pocket.

188. HICKEY

is going discreetly through a chest of drawers.

HICKEY:

Not many clothes...

BOGGS:

A girl of slender means.

189. LOBBY ELEVATOR

Fatboy, Monte and Nick shut the elevator door behind them - the cables begin to winch them overhead.

190. AT THE RECEPTION DESK

The Switchboard operator is watching the elevator indicator situated on the wall above the elevator door. The arrow goes to 2, then 3, then moves higher.

191. THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

plugs a phone jack into the panel...

192. INT. APARTMENT 4D

The phone rings, Boggs jumps after it, lifting the receiver on the first ring.

BOGGS:

Okay, right.

He hangs up and turns to Hickey.

BOGGS:

(continuing)

Three men ... they're already on this floor.

Hickey shuts a bureau drawer; the two men exchange looks.

193. INT. HALLWAY

Nick and Fatboy lead Monte down the corridor; checking the door numbers, they halt before 4D. The three men look both ways down the hall, checking that all is clear -- Nick and Monte draw pistols and flank both sides of the doorway. Nick jerks his head at Fatboy, giving him an affirmative gesture.

194. FATBOY

stands before the door; his nostrils dilate, chugging backwards, he hits the wall behind with his shoulder -- gaining momentum with the rebound, moving forward like Nagurski -- he BLASTS through the heavy door, reducing it to kindling wood. Guns extended, Monte and Nick follow the human cannonball into the room.

195. WINDOW LEDGE FIRE ESCAPE

Hickey and Boggs peer through the still open bedroom window - the bedroom is dark, the main room of the apartment remains lit, visible through the open connecting

(CONTINUED)

195 (Cont.)

door. Fatboy barrels through the door followed by Nick and Monte.

196. INSIDE THE APARTMENT

The thugs stare at the empty room, then Nick and Monte follow Fatboy into the bedroom. Monte flips the light switch on; Nick kicks open the bathroom door. Disgruntled at finding an empty apartment, they return to the main room.

197. ON THE FIRE ESCAPE

Hickey and Boggs watch as the thugs begin ransacking the front room.

198. BEDROOM

Fatboy re-enters the room; he rips the covers off the bed, throws the mattress onto the floor, turns over a chest of drawers, then stands motionless -- looking about the room. Nick has now also come into the bedroom, rampaging through the closet.

199. FATBOY

looks around the gutted room; his eye falls on the open window. He approaches the transom -- staring as a slight breeze rattles the half-drawn venetian blind. He now stands directly before the opening. Fatboy reaches out across an end table, placing one of his hands on the window ledge, pulling his face forward.

200. FIRE ESCAPE

Hickey VIOLENTLY wrenches the window frame down across Fatboy's hand; Boggs kicks through the window of the adjoining apartment.

201. FATBOY

SCREAMING in pain -- whale-faced agony.

202. THE BEDROOM

Nick and Monte turn their guns toward Fatboy; the big man lifts his smashed fist overhead, writhing, tortured... Nick rushes past Fatboy towards the window.

203. ADJOINING APARTMENT

The two detectives CRASH through the dark rooms, open the front door, and slip into the hallway.

204. NICK

SMASHING out the window with his gun; he SEES the broken window of the adjoining apartment.

205. HALLWAY

Boggs and Hickey rush down the corridor; they pile into the elevator carriage, pull the cage door shut -- the SOUND of the cables paying out.

206. DOOR OF 4D

Nick and Monte burst into the hallway; their faces twisted into fury. Fatboy, now whimpering, follows them down the corridor towards the elevator.

207. THE ELEVATOR

Hickey and Boggs are breathing heavily; frightened.

BOGGS:

Oh, Jesus Christ, wow...

HICKEY:

Hang on babe...

208. ELEVATOR INDICATOR ON FOURTH FLOOR

The arrow moves downward.

209. MONTE AND NICK

stare at the indicator; Fatboy stands behind them, still weeping with pain. Nick motions toward the stairwell, they rush toward it.

210. AT THE STAIRWELL

the three thugs hurl themselves downward, rushing out of view.

211. ELEVATOR LOBBY

The door springs open, Hickey and Boggs sprint for the hotel entrance.

212. SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

watches as the two detectives leap out the door.

213. STAIRWELL

The thugs galloping downward, Fatboy trailing.

214. EXT. STREET

Hickey and Boggs speed out of the hotel and run towards the Edsel.

215. BOGGS

running, looking ahead, then stopping; he SEES:

216. THE G.T.O.

parked fifty feet behind the Edsel.

217. BOGGS

scoops a newspaper out of the gutter; Hickey runs back to his side.

HICKEY:
SHIT! WILL YOU COME ON...

(CONTINUED)

217 (Cont.)

Boggs pops the gas cap off the G.T.O., rams the newspaper into the neck of the tank; then touches his cigarette lighter to the crammed pages. The newsprint begins to burn.

HICKEY:

BOGGS!

They run to the Edsel, leap inside; the engine starts.

218. AT THE FRONT OF THE EGYPTIAN HOTEL

the three thugs emerge, panting, furious...

219. THE G.T.O.

The newspaper continues to burn.

220. THE THUGS

Now running up the street towards the G.T.O. and the Edsel.

221. THE EDSSEL

pulling away.

222. MONTE AND NICK

are leveling their guns.

223. THE G.T.O.

EXPLODES, cascading into an orange fireball.

224. THE THUGS

turn, stunned, as their car detonates and burns.

225. INSIDE THE EDSSEL

Hickey looks back at the flaming car; Boggs guns the vintage auto forward.

HICKEY:

Sweet Jesus...

226. THE THUGS

watch the Edsel disappear from view down the street as their car blazes upward; Fatboy, still whimpering, clutches at his hand.

CUT TO:

227. INT. WM. WALTER BUILDING CORRIDOR SATURDAY MORNING

Hickey steps out of the self-service elevator and turns down the hallway -- his footsteps echoing up from the tile floor. Hickey carries the morning mail with him, he shuffles through the envelopes as he enters his office.

228. INSIDE THE OFFICE

Boggs has assumed a relaxed position behind his desk, drinking coffee, reading the morning paper. He looks up as Hickey enters.

BOGGS:

Morning...

HICKEY:

Hello, firebug...

Hickey continues to examine the mail.

BOGGS:

Anything?

HICKEY:

(tearing open
an envelope)

We got a certified letter...

He pulls five one-hundred dollar bills from the envelope and unfolds the letter.

BOGGS:

(he rises on the
sight of the green)

Looks like good news ...

HICKEY:

Rice gave us the gas, we're off
salary... out scout...

Hickey hands Boggs the letter and crosses to his desk, tossing the money down on the blotter. He opens the bottom desk drawer and begins to rummage through newspapers, phonebooks, and some loose documents, finally pulling out a gun and holster.

BOGGS:

Maybe Rice found Mary Jane...

(CONTINUED)

228 (Cont.)

HICKEY:

He doesn't say that... he probably
got scared off...

The gun is a big, blue Colt Navy .38, model 1902. Hickey
snaps the action open and begins to feed bullets into the
magazine.

BOGGS:

(he lowers the letter
and watches Hickey load
the pistol)

You want to stay in the ballgame?

HICKEY:

What the hell else we got to do?

BOGGS:

I like your style...

Hickey finishes loading the pistol, jams the gun into a
shoulder holster, takes off his coat and begins to strap it
on... Boggs crosses to one of the file cabinets, slides a
drawer open and removes a S.W. .357 with an 8-inch barrel.
The gun is a huge weapon, fully as long as Boggs' forearm.

HICKEY:

I'm going back to see Burns, you stay
on Rice, see if you can run him down...

BOGGS:

O.K.

HICKEY:

If you see your three friends, shoot
the bastards...

BOGGS:

You want to call Papadakis about last
night?

Hickey pulls on his coat and starts out the door.

HICKEY:

(not missing a step)
I don't like that guy ...

CUT TO:

229. INT. SUBTERRANEAN AUTO REPAIR GARAGE

MORNING

Monte and Jack stand before the row of late model cars
parked near the garage exit; the stall which formerly con-
tained the G.T.O. remains empty. The two men walk slowly,
Monte carefully eyes the automobiles, stopping before an
Olds Vista-cruiser -- all black with tinted windows, in-
cluding the glass roofline.

(CONTINUED)

229 (Cont.)

MONTE:
This the only wagon?

Jack nods his head.

MONTE:
O.K.

Monte opens the station wagon door and climbs behind the wheel. Jack sticks his head through the window as Monte starts the engine.

JACK:
Let's not lose this one ...

Monte nods and then pulls the car forward.

230. NEAR THE INNER-OFFICE

Nick and Fatboy (one hand now encased within a soft cast) stand near the curbway near the office door. The station wagon guns up and jerks to a halt; Nick and Fatboy get in -- as the car doors shut, the vehicle swings forward, arcs around the cement floor, tires SCREAMING and speeds up the exit ramp.

CUT TO:

231. INT. DATA PROCESSING ROOM POLICE HEADQUARTERS
DAY

A bank of third generation computers churn along - compatible system memory units, control units, tape and card punches; a Police Attendant stands before the high speed line printout, he rips off a tearsheet and deposits the paper in a manila folder.

232. INT. HALLWAY POLICE BUILDING

Another Administrative Assistant carries the manila folder; he strides briskly down the corridor, passing both police and office personnel.

233. INT. HOMICIDE BUREAU DETECTIVE ROOM.

The Assistant hands the manila envelope to Shaw and then quietly leaves the squad room. Shaw begins examining the printout, then reaches for his phone. As he continues to read, he dials a three digit inter-office number.

(CONTINUED)

233 (Cont.)

SHAW:

You got a location on Papadakis?

A pause.

SHAW:

Get him back...No, it's the real thing...

Shaw puts his finger over the switch hooks, breaking the connection, then dials another three digit extension.

SHAW:

Bob, get a car out, bring in Al Hickey and Frank Boggs... No, not an arrest.

Shaw places the receiver back on the cradle, still concentrating on the tearsheet.

CUT TO:

234. INT. ALOHA FLORAL SHOP GREENHOUSE DAY

A blanket is pulled over Burns' body by two Ambulance Attendants, the corpse is then strapped to the underlying stretcher; the procedure duplicates that of Farrow's removal. Among the crowd of police specialists Hickey stands watching from the corner of the room.

235. EXT. SPEEDWAY AVE.

The stretcher is loaded onto the ambulance; Hickey now stands at curbside as the vehicle moves away; red light spinning, the ambulance quietly pulls out of sight. A uniformed Policeman gets out of a patrol car and crosses to Hickey, standing at his shoulder.

CUT TO:

236. INT. EASY DIAL TELEPHONE EXCHANGE DAY

Boggs and a LARGE WOMAN stand near a paneled telephone switchboard, beyond them THREE YOUNG WOMEN plug and unplug the phone jacks, speaking with a crisp response to the alternating circuit lights. The Large Woman wears a tailored suit, her hair has been cut in a man's style; she nervously smokes an unfiltered cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

236 (Cont.)

WOMAN:

You know I went through this yesterday.

BOGGS:

I'm a lot nicer than the cops...

WOMAN:

Sure.

BOGGS:

Just one more time...

WOMAN:

Mr. Rice came in Wednesday and opened an account, paid cash...he said he'd be calling in. Then he called in yesterday morning and said to discontinue the service...

BOGGS:

Did he want his money back?

WOMAN:

No...

BOGGS:

Didn't he fill out a form to sign up...leave an address...?

WOMAN:

He said he would as soon as he found an apartment...he said he was staying with a friend...

BOGGS:

That's it?

WOMAN:

That's right...

237. EXT. STREET NEAR EASY DIAL STORE-FRONT

Boggs emerges from the telephone exchange, hitches his trousers, then moves up the sidewalk towards his Edsel. As he approaches the vehicle, a patrol car pulls alongside the Edsel and slams to a stop; the police car's red light circles overhead. Two uniformed policemen step out of the patrol car and walk towards Boggs -- he now stands at the door of the Edsel.

CUT TO:

238. INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS 'PAPADAKIS' OFFICE

Papadakis is standing, holding one of the thousand dollar bills in his hand as he speaks, Shaw stands behind him - smugly watching as Hickey and Boggs catch the Sergeant's verbal rockets.

PAPADAKIS:

(irritated)

That's all I want to know, what the hell's going on...this money's so hot it'll burn a hole in the sidewalk... two people dead, six dead in Pittsburgh... Every time something comes up you two are part of the woodwork...now I want it all...

HICKEY:

Don't strain your windpipe...

PAPADAKIS:

I'm telling you, don't play around...

BOGGS:

Who's playing? We brought the money in...

HICKEY:

What do you need?

SHAW:

What about Burns?

HICKEY:

He was a referral from Rice.

PAPADAKIS:

Two referrals, two dead men...

HICKEY:

We live in troubled times...

BOGGS:

That's right, there's a lot of social unrest...you find Rice?

SHAW:

That's the next thing...

HICKEY:

We haven't either...what about Pittsburgh?

(CONTINUED)

238 (Cont.)

PAPADAKIS:

Last winter...Federal Reserve Bank,
three guards killed, three torpedoes
killed, driver got away with a sack
of money...

SHAW:

Big bills...

Papadakis snaps the greenback in front of Hickey's eyes.

SHAW:

(continuing)

Over four hundred thousand...

PAPADAKIS:

They found the driver shot full of
holes, they didn't find the money...
or his girl friend.

BOGGS:

What was her name?

SHAW:

We don't know that...

HICKEY:

Any reward on this thing?

SHAW:

(reluctantly)

Twenty five thousand...

BOGGS:

(to Hickey)

That'll buy a lot of juice...

HICKEY:

And a saloon to put it in...

PAPADAKIS:

I want to go over all this...from the
top.

HICKEY:

(smiles)

Anything you need...

CUT TO:

239. INT. BLACKHAWK BAR AND GRILL

NIGHT

VIDEO IMAGE

(CONTINUED)

239 (Cont.)

A group of juggling midgets go through their act on one of the Saturday night variety shows; a toothy Master of Ceremonies claps and whistles as the performance reaches its conclusion.

240. THE BAR

Hickey and Boggs occupy their customary station, fondling their drinks. Hickey pays no attention to the television, Boggs stares upward at the tube.

BOGGS:
Cunning little fellows...

HICKEY:
(musing)
Rice wants Mary Jane Bauer because
she's got the money...

BOGGS:
I knew a lady juggler in Galveston...
Texas.

HICKEY:
That's why the three contract soldiers
want her...

BOGGS:
She was also a taxi dancer during the
Korean War...she helped entertain the
troops...

HICKEY:
Mary Jane can't get rid of the money
because of the big bills...can't
spend it...

BOGGS:
(still watching the T.V.)
She entertained me one night in the
Lone Star Motel...

HICKEY:
Farrow was a bagman, she's trying to
sell the dough at a knockdown rate...

BOGGS:
No, she never would bargain...

HICKEY:
Mary Jane?

BOGGS:
No, the lady juggler...

(CONTINUED)

240 (Cont.)

HICKEY:
What lady juggler?

BOGGS:
You got some good points, but you're not much of a listener...I'm talking about the female juggler and taxi-dancer that entertained me at the Lone Star Motel in Galveston, Texas during the Korean War...

HICKEY:
What's she got to do with Mary Jane Bauer?

BOGGS:
Absolutely nothing.

HICKEY:
Oh, I see...

BOGGS:
I doubt it...We're goin' to the game tomorrow...

HICKEY:
What game?

BOGGS:
Rams, Bears...

HICKEY:
(radio announcer)
The monsters of the midway...

BOGGS:
Right...I favor the Rams myself...

HICKEY:
I thought the game was a sell-out...

BOGGS:
It is... We're ushers...

HICKEY:
Jesus, you're really coked, we're looking for Mary Jane Bauer, not Dick Butkus...twenty-five thousand dollars reward...remember?

BOGGS:
Does a goose go barefoot?

HICKEY:
(to the barkeep)
Check please...

240 (Cont.1)

BOGGS:

There's a good chance Mary Jane's gonna be at the ball game...

Hickey looks across to Boggs.

CUT TO:

241. LOS ANGELES MEMORIAL COLISEUM

SUNDAY

The dark-shirted Bears and white-jerseyed Rams grapple up and down the chalk-lined playing field; Gabriel over the center, Butkus slamming ball carriers to the ground, Sayers making dervish moves into the line, face-masks, sweat, cleats, afternoon sun, goalposts and uprooted turf, scoreboard and shoulder-pads, brutality and grace; the ball, passed, punted, fumbled, continuously fought over by the dueling specialists - the crowd vicariously bellowing over the rising and ebbing fortunes of their mercenary warriors.

242. THE COLISEUM GRANDSTAND

The West end of the stadium, opposite the peristyle; Hickey and Boggs stand near ground level at the base of Stairway 16. Both detectives have usher's armbands pinned to their coat sleeves. They move up the aisleway, passing along the densely bunched crowd.

243. RIM OF COLISEUM

Hickey and Boggs stand at the crest of the stadium; from this vantage point the game below appears to be a contest between warring insects.

244. BOGGS

gestures downward, guiding Hickey's eyes.

245. ROW 68

on the third level, above the tunnel and stairway, twenty rows below the two detectives' position at the top of the Coliseum. Seats 1, 2 and 3, near the aisle, are vacant.

246. THE GAME

The players collide into a mass of armor and muscle; grunting, screaming, eyes twisted into mania behind the face-masks.

247. HICKEY AND BOGGS
are watching.
248. ROW 68 SEATS 1, 2 AND 3
are empty.
249. SCOREBOARD
The contest is now well into the fourth quarter.
250. HICKEY - BOGGS
still watching.
251. ROW 68 SEATS 1, 2 AND 3
still empty.
252. THE GAME
is ending; handshakes after the holocaust, weary, soiled, victorious and defeated, the Sunday soldiers move toward the tunnel-way and disappear into the labyrinth beneath the stadium.
253. THE CROWD
files down the stairways; children race onto the playing field, eluding the uniformed guards.
254. HICKEY - BOGGS
Hickey is somewhat dejected, Boggs shrugs his shoulders.
255. COLISEUM GRANDSTAND
DUSK
The crowd has now totally dispersed; Hickey and Boggs are seated in row 68, seats two and three. Several members of the janitorial staff begin to sweep up the litter deposited by the massive throng. Boggs holds the crumpled envelope he picked up in the Egyptian Hotel.

BOGGS:
I thought she'd show today...try to
make a hit...

HICKEY:
Let's see that...

(CONTINUED)

255 (Cont.)

He takes the envelope from Boggs' hand.

BOGGS:

Farrow had the same thing written by his phone...

HICKEY:

(reading the inscription)

Yeah... Rams, Bears plus one...What's one?

BOGGS:

Whoever they're hitting on...

HICKEY:

How about plus one day?

BOGGS:

Tomorrow?

HICKEY:

You think fast...

BOGGS:

They'd have to set a time...

Hickey pulls the game ticket out of the envelope.

HICKEY:

The ticket could key it...game time, these seats, plus one day...

BOGGS:

(rising, stands at the aisle)

I love you...

CUT TO:

256. EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT

NIGHT

The gas station is closed; Hickey's Nova glides off the street and up to an aluminum phone booth. Hickey gets out of the car, enters the booth, drops a dime in the slot and begins to dial.

257. INT. NYONA'S HOUSE

The phone rings, Nyona crosses the living room and picks up the receiver. She is wearing a nightgown and robe.

(CONTINUED)

257 (Cont.)

NYONA:

Hello...Oh, Christ...No, you can't come over...I don't want to talk, I want to sleep...You only seem to remember my phone number around bedtime...had to work at a football game? You should have taken me...sure, anything we're going to do we can do at a ballpark...

She hangs up the phone and turns off the end-table lamp, shooting the room into darkness.

CUT TO:

258. EXT. MENLO AVE.

MONDAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

The Edsel cruises up the small roadway behind the Stadium and parks near the entrance to the Olympic Pool. Beyond the rim of the Coliseum the Sports Arena is visible.

259. INT. EDESEL

Boggs cuts off the engine and sets the emergency brake.

BOGGS:

What time's kickoff?

HICKEY:

Ticket says one-thirty...

They exit the car and move towards the Stadium.

260. EXT. FIGUEROA BLVD.

The dark Olds wagon heads north up Figueroa, makes a left on Museum Road, passes through Exposition Park and approaches the peristyle (East) end of the Coliseum.

261. EXT. WEST END OF COLISEUM

Hickey and Boggs pass through the deserted admissions gate and stand at the base of the Stadium. They separate and circle the concrete wall; Hickey ascends stairway 18, Boggs climbs stairway 14.

262. PERISTYLE END OF COLISEUM WALL FACE

The huge clock with Roman numerals: it reads 1:15.

263. HICKEY NOW INSIDE THE STADIUM

He is submerged within the shadows at the entrance way to tunnel 18. The playing field glimmers in the sunlight before him.

264. BOGGS

stands hidden at the entrance way to tunnel 14; he looks across to section 16.

265. SECTION 16

Row 68 ... empty.

266. THE COLISEUM

hollow, totally deserted.

267. THE CLOCK

1:27.

268. HICKEY

waiting.

269. BOGGS

waiting.

270. TUNNEL 16

A slender young man wearing glasses, dressed in a business suit, emerges from the tunnel entrance and moves up the aisle towards row 68. He carries a brief case.

271. THE YOUNG MAN

arrives at row 68; he sits down in the second seat from the aisle, placing the brief case on the chair to his left.

272. HICKEY
watching.
273. BOGGS
watching.
274. FATBOY
observing from the shadows of a tunnelway near mid-field.
He moves back into the darkness.
275. INT. CORRIDOR 2ND LEVEL STADIUM
Fatboy moves towards the West end of the Coliseum.
276. EXT. PERISTYLE GROUND LEVEL
Nick, wearing a loose green raincoat, stands waiting,
hidden behind a cement piling.
277. THE CLOCK
Now 1:30.
278. THE YOUNG MAN
waiting.
279. HICKEY
watching.
280. BOGGS
removes a soiled toothpick from his coat pocket; he begins
to pick his teeth.
281. CLOCK
Now 1:35.

282. THE YOUNG MAN

rises in his seat, picks up the brief case and begins to descend the stairway toward tunnel 16.

283. HICKEY

moves quickly out of his tunnel, crossing towards the young man.

284. BOGGS

steps out of the shadows and starts to cut the young man off from the opposite direction.

285. YOUNG MAN

He sees Hickey, starts in the opposite direction, sees Boggs, then hurls himself pell-mell down the stairway towards the playing field.

286. FATBOY

watching from a tunnel, he runs back into the corridor.

287. BOGGS

shouting at the young man.

BOGGS:

Hey, Chief, hold on ...

288. HICKEY

running down stairway 18, trying to close the distance between himself and the fleeing man.

289. BOGGS

Speed is not one of his virtues; he lurches down stairway 14.

290. THE YOUNG MAN

hurdles the low wall separating the grandstand and the playing field. He runs across the red-clay track and onto chalk-marked gridiron. Cradling the brief case like a football, he passes under the goalposts and turns up-field.

291
THRU
299. OMITTED

300. HICKEY

leaps over the barrier and onto the track; he sets out after the running man.

301. FATBOY

races along the inside corridor of the Stadium; his elephantine footsteps echoing off the concrete.

302. THE YOUNG MAN

clutching the brief case, crossing the 30 yard line, the 40 ...

303. HICKEY

going all out, closing the lead to 35 yards.

304. BOGGS

is hopelessly out of the race; he stops at the base of the playing field.

305. THE YOUNG MAN

is running harder, maintaining, then increasing the distance between himself and Hickey.

306. PERISTYLE STEPS

Nick steps out from behind the cement column, pulls open the green raincoat and snaps out the cut-down B.A.R. with its special oversized magazine. He holds the .30 caliber gun waist high as the young man runs directly towards him. Nick squeezes the trigger.

307. THE YOUNG MAN

crosses the goal line for his last touchdown; he is shredded by the firehose spray of bullets. The brief case flies out of his arms, popping open as it hits the ground - packages of greenbacks topple out of the valise.

308. HICKEY

swerves towards the sideline, away from the angle of fire.

309. NICK

gets off another burst; the gun jerking in his hands.

310. HICKEY

The bullets score the ground near his feet. He continues running towards the sideline, zigzagging as he goes.

311. NICK

is firing away, trying to gun down the moving target ... SUDDENLY - the cement abutment near his head explodes as a cannon-like ROAR fills the Stadium.

312. BOGGS

with the .357 smoking, fires again down the length of the field; an 8-inch orange flash emerges from the gun barrel.

313. NICK

The cement stairway at his feet shudders, then crumbles as the huge bullet strikes home. Nick stumbles backward, then raises his B.A.R. and fires back at Boggs down the length of the Stadium.

314. BOGGS

ducking behind the low wall separating the field and grandstand; the seats around him splinter and disintegrate from the B.A.R.'s high-velocity ammunition.

315. HICKEY

clears a sideline standard, races across the clay track and leaps into the grandstand; the dividing wall crumbles under Nick's wave of firepower. Hickey crawls along the wall, unholstering his gun as the bullets continue to explode overhead.

316. FATBOY

emerges from tunnel 6, barrels down the stairway and onto the field, crossing into the end zone.

317. NICK

fires a burst at Hickey, then Boggs -- keeping both of them pinned down.

318. BOGGS

angling along behind the low wall, trying to find position.

319. HICKEY

popping up, getting off a shot at Nick, seeing Fatboy, ducking back behind the wall as a cascade of .30 caliber bullets plows into the seats behind him ...

320. FATBOY

scoops up the brief case and loose money; not breaking stride he heads under the goalposts toward the peristyle.

321. BOGGS

holds his big gun braced against the retaining wall; he sends off two shots ...

322. FATBOY

is crossing under the goalposts; Boggs' first bullet tears up the ground at Fatboy's heel, the second round SHATTERS the crossbar - blasting it into splinters.

323. NICK
gets off another thirty shots at Boggs.
324. HICKEY
running behind the wall towards the peristyle.
325. FATBOY
runs up the grandstand towards Nick.
326. HICKEY
raises himself, fires twice at the two thugs.
327. NICK
fires again, then steps back - Hickey's bullets rattle overhead. Nick moves out the open end of the Coliseum as Fatboy passes him.
328. MUSEUM DRIVE
Monte pulls the wagon forward, back wheels smoking; the Olds bounces off the street up to the sidewalk, then THROUGH the wire fence surrounding the Coliseum - he pulls up at the back of the peristyle.
329. NICK
firing as he retreats.
330. HICKEY
rising behind the wall, he fires as the wagon arrives.
331. PERISTYLE
Fatboy and Nick jump into the still rolling wagon. One of Hickey's bullets slams through the rear window as the Olds rockets away.

332. EXT. COLISEUM

The Olds wagon SMASHES back through the wire mesh fence, careens along the sidewalk, bounces into the street and powers off down the road.

333. HICKEY TIME CUT

Now walking on the field as Boggs approaches; the two detectives look down at the dead man -- Boggs then walks over to the goalpost which was cut in two by his big bore ammunition.

BOGGS:
(looking upward at
the dangling crossbar)
How we gonna explain this?

HICKEY:
(still looking at the
dead young man)
To the Rams?

BOGGS:
No...the cops.

HICKEY:
I'll think of something.

The SOUND of sirens in the background.

CUT TO:

334. EXT. CHINO PRISON AUTO GATE AFTERNOON

A Pontiac Firebird cruises past the Gate Guard and glides into the visitors' parking lot. The Woman, still wearing dark glasses, gets out of the car and enters the three-story Administration Building.

335. INT. CORRIDOR CHINO PRISON

A Uniformed Guard leads the Prisoner down the hallway; they turn a corner and go into a small private room.

336. INT. ROOM

A Uniformed Officer behind a desk nods as the Guard enters, then motions the Prisoner towards a clothes rack. The Prisoner removes a plastic bag from a set of wearing apparel hanging on the wooden standard, then begins to disrobe.

337. THE PRISONER

LATER

is now dressed in civilian clothes, he carefully puts his prison garb on the hanger, replaces the hanger on the rack and turns to the Desk Officer. The Functionary hands the Prisoner an office form attached to a clip board; the Prisoner signs the document and is led back out of the room by the guard.

338. INT. PURSER'S OFFICE

The uniformed guard leads the Prisoner to a teller's window and hands the Purser's Assistant a type-written form. The attendant moves away, returning momentarily with a large sealed envelope. The Prisoner tears the package open and removes a billfold, wristwatch, signet ring, and some loose change. The attendant next hands the Prisoner a certified check from the State of California - more forms are signed, the Guard again leads the Prisoner away.

339. INSIDE THE WAITING ROOM

The Prisoner shakes hands with two dark-suited Department of Correction Administrators and then with the Security Guard. Passing through a turnstile gateway the Prisoner walks beyond the wire mess barrier - the Woman stands waiting at the other side of the room.

340. THE PRISONER

grins.

341. THE WOMAN

smiles back at him, then removes her dark glasses.

CUT TO:

342. INT. ELEVATOR ORGANIZATION BUILDING

Ballard rides the elevator upward; alone within the cubicle, he carries the brief case dropped by the Young Man.

343. INT. OUTER OFFICE ORGANIZATION BUILDING

The elevator door slides open, Ballard crosses to the reception desk - the secretary lifts the telephone receiver and presses the intercom button.

SECRETARY:

Ballard ...

With a turn of her head the Secretary motions Ballard past the desk and into Brill's office.

344. A LARGE PAIR OF SCISSORS

Snips the rolled end off an eighty cent cigar.

345. INT. ORGANIZATION OFFICE

Brill touches a match to his cigar as Ballard enters the room. The junior executive strides across the officeway and places the valise on Brill's desktop. Ballard un-snaps the brief case hinges and pulls it open.

BALLARD:

We picked up a bonus ...

Brill inspects the greenbacks, gently touching the money packets.

BRILL:

They didn't get the girl?

BALLARD:

The soldiers nailed a buy off, the girl didn't show ...

BRILL:

I don't want to lose her ... keep pushing.

(CONTINUED)

345 (Cont.)

BALLARD:

Right ...

BRILL:

Keep her running, she can't go much farther

BALLARD:

Right ...

CUT TO:

346. INT. CORRIDOR POLICE HEADQUARTERS AFTERNOON

Hickey and Boggs are escorted down the hallway by three Uniformed Officers; the five men trudge past several open doorways, turn a corner, the detectives are led into the interrogation room.

347. INTERROGATION ROOM LATER

The two detectives - still flanked by the Uniformed Officers - are seated, mutely staring at the gray walls. The office door bursts open; Papadakis, Shaw, and Wyatt enter the room - their eyes accusatorially fixed on Hickey and Boggs.

348. GRUNDIG RECORDER LATER

The tape wheels spin forward as Hickey's voice drones over.

HICKEY:

(v.o.)

... Boggs saw the note by Farrow's phone, we thought it might lead to Mary Jane ... She might have had an appointment with Farrow ...

PAPADAKIS:

(v.o.)

Why didn't you call us in?

HICKEY:

(v.o.)

It was just a longshot ...

(CONTINUED)

348 (Cont.)

SHAW:

(v.o.)

How did the torpedoes know about it?

349. INTERROGATION ROOM

The Uniformed Officers have now gone, the three policemen stand as they question Hickey; Boggs watches from the corner of the room.

HICKEY:

They beat it out of Burns...

PAPADAKIS:

(he suddenly
begins shouting)

What the hell is this? They know
and you know but we don't...

As Papadakis begins his tirade Wyatt snaps off the tape recorder.

PAPADAKIS:

(continuing)

You shoot up the Coliseum, blow off a
hit, a bag man's dead, bodies lying
all over L.A., ...you two shithouse
stiffs made a sonofabitch grandstand
play...

HICKEY:

You should have been there backing
us up...you had Farrow's note...

WYATT:

Come off it...you two held out on us,
you know it, we know it...

BOGGS:

You charging us?

WYATT:

(shaking his head)
I'd like to...

PAPADAKIS:

(overlapping Wyatt)

If I come up with anything else I'll
push you both so hard you'll be sweating
silver bullets...

(lowering his voice)

You hear me?

HICKEY:

We got ears.

CUT TO:

350. EXT. POLICE BUILDING 150 N. LOS ANGELES ST. AFTERNOON

Hickey and Boggs walk along the sidewalk, approaching the Temple Street intersection.

BOGGS:

When they tie the hotel to us we're all done...

HICKEY:

Yeah...we gotta find that bitch before they do...

BOGGS:

Maybe we can get into real estate...

HICKEY:

Farrow's note, check those other two names...

BOGGS:

Short order cook, shoe salesman, there's a lot of good jobs open to ambitious young men...

HICKEY:

We gotta find that bitch...

CUT TO:

351. EXT. INTERSECTION HOLLYWOOD BLVD. & HIGHLAND AVE.
AFTERNOON

The Edsel stops at the Northeast corner of the cross-streets, momentarily blocking traffic. Hickey jumps out of the passenger seat, slams the car door - Boggs pulls the Edsel away. Hickey crosses the sidewalk and enters the Walters Building.

352. EXT. OUTDOOR PHONE BOOTH SUNSET & HARPER

The Edsel is parked in the Plush Pup lot.

353. INT. EDESEL

Boggs finishes off a hot dog and then stares at the crumpled copy of Farrow's note in his hand. Two names are printed on it:

PHILLIP BLEDSOE
ZANE BEAUGARDIS

Boggs gets out of the Edsel and crosses to the open booth; he begins going through the various chain-held phonebooks.

354. TELEPHONE DIRECTORY COLUMN , "BLEAMAN - BLUM"

Boggs' finger passes down the names - not finding a Phillip BLEDSOE.

THE PAGES FLIP TO: "BEATTY - BEAUMONT"

Boggs' finger again passes down the finely printed columns, stopping on:

BEAUGARDIS, ZANE H. 99201 Bellagio Rd. Bel Air ...
... 279-2014

CUT TO:

355. EXT. CARBON CANYON ROAD

LATE AFTERNOON

The Pontiac Firebird speeds along the twisting highway - passing the boulder strewn embankments and open stands of Sugar Pines.

356. EXT. COUNTRY MARKET AND GAS STATION CARBON CANYON ROAD

The Firebird pulls off the pavement and stops along the gravel-base roadside. The Woman gets out of the car, the Prisoner remains seated inside the automobile. The Woman crosses the yard behind the market and enters a glass-doored phone booth - she pulls the doorway shut.

CUT TO:

357. INT. HICKEY & BOGGS' OFFICE WALTERS BUILDING

Hickey is seated behind his desk, examining the daily mail - after a short inspection he wipes the envelopes into the top desk drawer. Hickey takes out his big blue Colt, removes the cartridge box from the bottom desk drawer and begins to reload the weapon. The phone on his desk begins to ring.

358. HICKEY

looks at the telephone for a moment, then reaches for the receiver.

CUT TO:

359. EXT. BELLAGIO ROAD BEL AIR

LATE AFTERNOON

The Edsel goes through the Bel Air gate and begins winding its way up the inclined roadway, sweeping past the opulent estates.

360. EXT. BEAUGARDIS' HOUSE

A neo-Georgian home near the crest overlooking Beverly Glen. The Edsel pulls up to the outer gate; Boggs exits the car and begins to cross the manor grounds, moving towards the front door.

361. BOGGS

at the doorway; he hitches his pants, then raps the brass knocker. After a moment the massive door swings open. RICE looks out of the house at Boggs.

BOGGS:

My name's Boggs, I want to see Mr.
Zane Beaugardis...

362. RICE

stands looking at Boggs for a moment.

RICE:

Could you give me the nature of your
business?

BOGGS:

Leroy Farrow and Mary Jane Bauer...

Rice hesitates a moment.

RICE:

Wait here...

He moves back into the house.

363. BOGGS

waits quietly; he pulls a toothpick out of his coat pocket and begins massaging his teeth.

364. BOGGS

LATER

still waiting; after yet a few more moments, Rice returns.

RICE:

(not at all friendly)
Step this way...

Boggs enters the mansion.

365. INT. BEAUGARDIS' HOUSE

Rice leads Boggs through the entrance hallway, past an elegant dining room and then up a thickly carpeted stairway.

366. BOGGS

following Rice; he is slightly uncomfortable in the refined surroundings.

367. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Rice leads Boggs down the corridor past several closed doorways; Rice stops before the last door in the passage.

RICE:

Through there.

Boggs hesitates, then opens the huge oaken door.

368. INT. BEETLE ROOM STUDY

A huge, darkened room - every inch of wall space is covered with glass-encased beetle specimens, large cross-sectioned charts of beetle anatomy, photographs and drawings of various rare and exotic beetle species. The bookcases bulge with tracts on coleopterotomy, display cases and end tables are crammed with beetle eggs, larva, pupa and mounted adult insects - the room is a teeming conglomeration of entomological nomenclature and classification.

Zane Beaugardis is behind a dark mahogany desk; seated, he has the appearance of a moored zeppelin - huge, obese, nearing middle age, he smiles liquidly as Boggs comes through the doorway. Boggs crosses to the desk, somewhat awed by the amount of insects on display.

BEAUGARDIS:

Mr. Boggs...

Beaugardis' flabby hands are occupied; a display case stands open on his desk - from a small cardboard box he withdraws a yellow-backed Asian Stag beetle (Odontolabis Delesserti); he begins to mount the specimen within the case...

BEAUGARDIS:

(watching Boggs' eyes
search the room)

You admire my collection...

BOGGS:

That's a lot of bugs...

BEAUGARDIS:

Beetles, my good man, beetles...

369. BEAUGARDIS' HANDS

The blubbery fingers delicately lift the insect into place, he wets the carcass with formaldehyde, carefully applying the liquid with a white cotton dauber.

BEAUGARDIS:

...fascinating fellows, able to lift over two hundred times their own body-weight, did you know that? Imagine, Mr. Boggs, what we might be if we possessed that capacity...

BOGGS:

It staggers the brain...

BEAUGARDIS:

Yes...indeed it does. This splendid chap has just been sent to me from Sumatra...he makes his home in large deposits of animal dung...an unlikely host for such a delicious creature, correct, Mr. Boggs?

BOGGS:

I've stayed in some pretty bad motels myself...

Beaugardis' fingers jab a silver needle through the insect's abdomen, pinning it to the white muslin backing of the display case.

370. BEAUGARDIS

now looks up at Boggs.

BEAUGARDIS:

What can I do for you, Mr. Boggs? What can I tell you that I haven't already told the police when they came to see me?

371. BOGGS

lifts Beaugardis' paperweight (a brass replica of a beetle) off the desktop.

BOGGS:

(looking closely
at the goldbug)

I'd just like to ask you a few questions...

CUT TO:

372. INT. GAME ROOM ORGANIZATION BUILDING

Brill is hunched over a snooker table, halfway through a game with one of the Junior Executives. Ballard comes through the doorway as Brill prepares to shoot; he quickly approaches the table.

BALLARD:
(slightly anxious)
She wants to do business...

BRILL:
When?

BALLARD:
Tonight.

BRILL:
Call the troops...

He bangs the seven ball into a corner pocket.

CUT TO:

373. INT. HICKEY & BOGGS' OFFICE

EVENING

Hickey is sitting behind his desk working at a crossword puzzle as Boggs lumbers through the door. Boggs crosses to the filing cabinet, pulls the drawer open, uncorks a bottle of sour mash, takes a rip, then begins to reload his pistol. He looks across at Hickey, who continues pencilling in the vertical and horizontal squares.

BOGGS:
You're taking things pretty calm...

HICKEY:
Yeah...anything happen?

BOGGS:
Couldn't find Bledsoe...I ran down Beaugardis.

HICKEY:
What's his story?

BOGGS:
A big, fat tulip. He collects bugs...
Farrow was his part-time accountant...
He never heard of Mary Jane...

HICKEY:
Nothing...

BOGGS:
Nothing...

(CONTINUED)

373 (Cont.)

Boggs re-holsters his gun and moves to his desk, slumping into the office chair.

BOGGS:

(dejected)

We're cooked...We got nowhere to go,
we got no client, no suspect, no leads,
no clues, no theories, nothing...

HICKEY:

(still working the puzzle)

You'll never guess who called...

BOGGS:

Who?

HICKEY:

Mary Jane...She wants to see us tonight.

374. BOGGS

looks over to Hickey.

BOGGS:

I'll be goddamned.

CUT TO:

375. EXT. HANCOCK PARK LA BREA TAR PITS NIGHT

A gas bubble works its way up the heavy ooze, slowly
bursting through the liquid asphalt.

376. IMPERIAL MAMMOTH STATUE

The pachyderm is caught knee-deep in the mire, it pulls
desperately against the pit's remorseless suction.

377. IMPERIAL MAMMOTH INFANT

stands terrorized on the bank of the tarpit, helplessly
watching the parent's futile struggle.

378. SABRE-TOOTHED TIGERS

complete the Pleistocene tableau; the heavily sinewed cats
stand ready to pounce on the baby Mammoth.

379. CURSON AVE. NEAR WILSHIRE BLVD.

Hickey and Boggs stand near a bench at the park's outer edge - the tarpit and statuary appear behind them. The Edsel has been parked on Curson, thirty yards up the street from the intersection. Both detectives have positioned themselves in a darkly shadowed area.

380. EIGHTH STREET

The OLDS station wagon slithers down the road and makes a left on Curson, heading North towards Wilshire - the OLDS headlights switch off before going into the turn.

381. CURSON AVE.

The wagon glides up the street, stopping in the shadows near the Wilshire intersection.

382. INT. OLDS WAGON

Monte stares ahead from behind the steering wheel, looking over to Hancock Park. Fatboy is in the passenger seat beside Monte.

383. NICK

is in the rear of the wagon, next to the closed tailgate. He cradles his B.A.R. across his lap - the gun's snout points upward. Several sandbags and auxiliary .30 caliber magazines are stacked nearby, the wagon has become a virtual pillbox on wheels.

384. HICKEY AND BOGGS

are still on Curson across Wilshire - the Oldsmobile is hidden from their view. Both detectives look expectant, their eyes search the street.

385. CORNER OF WILSHIRE AND CURSON NEAR THE PARK

A Yellow Cab pulls up to the intersection. The passenger stepping out of the back seat is a Young Woman wearing an overcoat; she pays the cab driver and starts to walk down Curson - the cab pulls away, the Young Woman carries a small suitcase.

386. INT. OLDS

Monte and Fatboy watch the taxi drive away - Monte turns the engine over, then presses button under the dashboard.

387. NICK

watches as the tailgate window is automatically lowered; he kicks down the tailgate, snaps an overhead safety belt around his waist and pulls the B.A.R. into position.

388. THE YOUNG WOMAN

approaches the park bench, hesitates, then walks a bit further down Curson - she stands near the Edsel.

389. HICKEY

nods to Boggs, they step forward...

390. THE OLDS

ZOOMS ACROSS Wilshire - the headlights remain out.

391. HICKEY

smiles over to the Young Woman.

(CONTINUED)

391 (Cont.)

HICKEY:

Hello Mary Jane...

392. THE YOUNG WOMAN

looks at the two detectives, startled, she steps back, retreats further, moves to the edge of the street...

393. HICKEY

SEES the Olds bearing down, he SHOUTS a warning at Boggs who is starting after the Woman.

394. NICK

sits on the open tailgate, he squeezes off a burst from his cockpit, the big gun works like a .30 caliber sledge hammer, the Young Woman is cut down at the curbway, the car passes, the splash of bullets tears into the Edsel, every fourth round a tracer, the side of the car and the gas tank are riddled, the Edsel detonates, becoming an incinerating mass of metal - the two detectives roll out of the line of fire.

395. THE OLDS

spins a doughnut on Curson, heads back towards the flaming car and sprawled body - the small suitcase lies in the roadway

396. HICKEY AND BOGGS

have their guns out, Boggs moves behind the burning automobile Hickey dives to the base of a statue depicting a pair of Pleistocene ground sloths.

397. FATBOY

opens his car door, he starts to lean out, trying to pick up the suitcase.

398. NICK

leans around the rear wheel and fender, suspended by the safety straps as the car barrels forward - his huge bore gun continuously firing...

399. BOGGS
stands behind the Edsel's flames; he braces his .357 on his left waist, aiming at Fatboy...
400. THE OLDS
slows down near the Young Woman's body - as Fatboy leans out Boggs' bullet tears off the station wagon's front door. Fatboy ducks back inside, missing the suitcase.
401. NICK
fires at Hickey, the gun jerking in his hand.
402. HICKEY
The statue disintegrates above his head - the ground sloths are decapitated, maimed, disembowled; Hickey fires his big blue Colt directly at Nick.
403. NICK
continues firing at Hickey, then reels back, then slumps over the tailgate as the Oldsmobile streaks away.
404. BOGGS
runs around the burning auto and gets off one more shot, again rending the side of the station wagon...
405. THE WAGON
rips out onto Wilshire and bounces away; Nick's body dangles from the safety straps.
406. HICKEY
rises from the pile of fractured stone; he walks over to the body of the Young Woman.
407. BOGGS
watches his car blaze upward; he holsters his gun.

408. THE YOUNG WOMAN

is a young man; his wig has fallen away - Hickey begins to examine the body; opening the overcoat he finds a blue serge suit underneath - Hickey withdraws a wallet from the coat pocket.

BOGGS:

Some Mary Jane.

HICKEY:

(looking through
the wallet)

His name's Bledsoe...

Both men rise and gaze at the carnage.

BOGGS:

I almost got that fat bastard...
I'm going to have to get a bigger
gun.

(a pause)

Say, how are we going to explain
this one?

HICKEY:

This time ... we need a lawyer.

Hickey looks suddenly over to Boggs.

HICKEY:

(continuing)

You know that bitch set us up...

From every direction a half-dozen police cars come roaring into sight; red lights whirling, sirens screaming, the two detectives watch quietly as the vehicles approach.

CUT TO:

409. INT. HALLWAY SUBURBAN HOUSE

NIGHT

A phone RINGS in shrill bursts; a light is snapped on, Wyatt, wearing blue pajamas, blearily moves down the corridor and lifts the receiver.

WYATT:

Yeah... What is it? What the hell
are you talking about?

410. INT. PAPADAKIS' CUBICLE POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Papadakis is on the phone, Shaw stands at his side. The Young Woman/Man's small suitcase lies open on the Sergeant's desk - crammed with greenbacks.

410 (Cont.)

PAPADAKIS:

The Katzenjammer kids, they just blew up the tarpits, another bag man's dead, this time we got the money...no girl, they missed the torpedoes...

411. WYATT SUBURBAN HOUSE

is angry, but under control.

WYATT:

What's their excuse?

412. PAPADAKIS POLICE HEADQUARTERS

officially answers the question.

PAPADAKIS:

Feeble. Hickey claims he got a call from the girl - she said she wouldn't show if they called us in... I want to bust them...withholding evidence, abetting felonious conduct...

413. WYATT SUBURBAN HOUSE

thinks rapidly, then snaps out the words.

WYATT:

O.K. Book 'em and burn 'em...have Sacramento suspend their license as of tonight, pound a stake up both their butts...

CUT TO:

414. INT. MUNICIPAL COURT 110 N. GRAND AVE. TUESDAY MORNING

The arraignment of the two detectives has begun, a Court Clerk reads the bill of charges with a low droning voice. A small group of spectators listen to the proceedings from the back of the courtroom, among them are Papadakis, Wyatt and Shaw. The Judge is a mild looking man in his sixties, he looks down from the bench to the counsel tables, on his left, Hickey and Boggs sit with their lawyer, seated on the Judge's right are two representatives of the District Attorney's office

(CONTINUED)

414 (Cont.)

COURT CLERK:

...that on the night of October 17th the defendants, Albert Hickey and Franklin Boggs did conspire to withhold information from the duly constituted authorities and by such action were instrumental in aiding and abetting a felonious assault resulting in the death of Phillip Bledsoe.

The Clerk resumes his seat near the Court Recorder - the Recorder's hands silently press the keys of a stenotype machine.

JUDGE:

Now Mr. Hickey and Mr. Boggs you have heard the indictment against you. These, as I'm sure you understand, are very weighty charges. As to your rights in this affair, you may plead guilty or not guilty to the complaint or you may, if you so desire, request a continuance period in order to answer the indictment. If that is understood then, how do you plead?

415. THE LAWYER

is a florid, red-faced man - there is a hint of Jack Daniels in his complexion and bulbous nose. He rises to speak:

LAWYER:

The defendants plead not guilty, your Honor.

416. THE JUDGE

pours himself a glass of water, takes a sip, then turns to the Court Clerk.

JUDGE:

The defendants plead not guilty...

He turns back to the lawyer.

JUDGE:

(continuing)

Do you wish to have a statutory period?

LAWYER:

Yes, your Honor.

(CONTINUED)

416 (Cont.)

JUDGE:

The Court orders that the defendants return in fourteen calendar days for a preliminary hearing on the indictment at which time a trial date will be set.

417. THE DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY

is a young man with a grimly efficient look about him.

DEPUTY:

Your Honor, my office requests that bail be set to insure the appearance of the defendants.

418. THE LAWYER

rises again and addresses the Judge.

LAWYER:

Your Honor, in view of the fact that these men have outstanding records of citizenship, are licensed private investigators, Mr. Hickey is a former police officer, I request that the defendants be released on their own recognizance...

419. THE JUDGE

pauses a moment.

JUDGE:

The defendants do seem to have had a good prior history, but this is a serious indictment... I'll set the minimum bail, twelve hundred and fifty dollars each.

LAWYER:

It will be posted.

The Judge raps his gavel quietly.

JUDGE:

Very well, proceedings are closed.

Everyone begins to rise...

CUT TO:

420. INT. CORRIDOR COURTHOUSE BUILDING

Hickey and Boggs stand on each side of their lawyer; the trio rapidly strides towards the elevator.

HICKEY:

What the hell we paying you for? Get it thrown out...

LAWYER:

Thrown out? They've got you by the biscuits...

BOGGS:

Pull some strings, trump something up...

LAWYER:

I'm a lawyer not a magician...

The elevator door slides open.

HICKEY:

We've got to stand trial?

LAWYER:

Unless they drop the charges...

HICKEY:

(to Boggs)

We gotta find that bitch.

They enter the elevator.

CUT TO:

421. INT. BOILER ROOM BASEMENT

MORNING

Fatboy stokes an already blazing incinerator with large chunks of wood and coal; satisfied with the fire's intensity, he turns and waddles towards the center of the room. Nick's body has been incased in a semi-transparent plastic sack tied off at the head. The corpse lies across a carpenter's bench; Fatboy approaches the bench and lifts the body, slinging it over his shoulder.

422. MONTE

stands near the bench; he watches Fatboy lug the body back to the incinerator.

423. FATBOY

opens the incinerator's overhead hatch; Nick's corpse is hurled inside, the fire roars upward. The two thugs stare at the blaze momentarily, then Fatboy swings the hatch cover shut.

CUT TO:

424. INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT SUNSET BLVD. NOON

The counter and booths are filled with the shirt-sleeved lunch-time crowd; Hickey and Nyona are seated at the rear of the room - Hickey is working his way through a grilled cheese sandwich, Nyona only has coffee.

NYONA:

They've really got you up against it...

HICKEY:

And they're still pushing...

NYONA:

What are you going to do?

HICKEY:

Push back... keep going...

A pause.

NYONA:

I'll go over to your place... after work.

HICKEY:

O.K. Jesus, great...

NYONA:

I'll wait for you...

HICKEY:

(smiles)

Things are getting better...

CUT TO:

425. INT. ORGANIZATION OFFICE DAY

Brill's face is wrenched into fury; snake-like veins stand out on his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

425 (Cont.)

BRILL:

(shouting).

YOU CALL THEM SOLDIERS, YOU CALL
THEM SOLDIERS, THEY MISSED... TWO
CARS BLOWN TO GOD DAMN HELL... THEY
MISSED... OUT GUNNED BY TWO PENCIL
NECKS... THEY MISSED... TELL ME, HOW
COULD THEY EXPLAIN IT... I WANT TO
HEAR HOW THEY MISSED...

426. BALLARD

and one of the Junior Executives listen as Brill continues ranting.

BRILL:

(v.o.; continuing)

WHAT IS IT, DUMBNESS, YELLOW, YOU
CALL THEM SOLDIERS...

CUT TO:

427. INT. SUBTERRANEAN AUTO REPAIR GARAGE AFTERNOON

Monte and Fatboy walk down the long row of automobiles.
Monte gestures towards a sleek gunmetal grey Chevrolet Impala.
The two thugs get inside the car; Monte kicks the engine
over, the Impala streaks forward.

CUT TO:

428. INT. TOPLESS SHOESHINE PARLOR AFTERNOON

Boggs is having his shoes shined by a sensationally built
topless Blonde - Hickey enters the establishment, crosses
the room and pulls himself up onto the shoestand, next to
his partner.

BOGGS:

Where do we go?

HICKEY:

Back on the street... she isn't
going to call us anymore...

BOGGS:

Why'd she do it?

(CONTINUED)

428 (Cont.)

HICKEY:

The muscle boys and us - we're both pushing her, whoever gets killed, she's better off...

BOGGS:

She sacrificed two bag men...

HICKEY:

That means she's got somebody to sell to...

BOGGS:

Rice?

Hickey shrugs. The Blonde has now come to the final portion of the shoeshine; she takes out a long buffing cloth and begins popping and pulling the rag over Boggs' shoes, bringing them to a high gloss. Her breasts jiggle ludicrously as she works.

BOGGS:

(enjoying the view)

Mary Jane had a big deal with Burns' brother - the one in jail, he's at Chino... I'm going down there tomorrow morning, polk around a little...

HICKEY:

You're short a car...

BOGGS:

I'll work something out... what about you?

HICKEY:

I'll start with the bug man...

BOGGS:

Second time around...

HICKEY:

Right big boy...

CUT TO:

429. INT. IMPALA

as it speeds along the fast lane of the Ventura Freeway; Monte drives calmly, he flips on the car radio and picks up an oldie but goodie - SEARCHING, SEARCHING FOR MY BABY by Del Shannon...

430. OMITTED

101.

431. FATBOY

opens up the morning edition of the Los Angeles Times; at the bottom of the front page a two column story with a 5/16 headline stands out:

TWO HELD IN GUNFIGHT DEATH

Within the story bloc there are small photographs of Hickey and Boggs.

CUT TO:

432. EXT. USED CAR LOT FIRESTONE BLVD., SOUTH GATE
AFTERNOON

Boggs and a CAR SALESMAN (shiny suit, sallow face, pencil-thin moustache; he looks as crooked as his profession) stand before a '58 Edsel four-door hardtop. Boggs gives the automobile a very long look.

BOGGS:

How's it run?

SALESMAN:

Terrific.

BOGGS:

I'll take it.

CUT TO:

433. EXT. BEAUGARDIS ESTATE LATE AFTERNOON

Hickey impatiently RAPS the brass knocker - POUNDING at the huge entrance way; he stands waiting for a moment, then begins KNOCKING again.

434. HICKEY

There is still no response. He walks away from the door and looks upward, his eyes searching over the house - finally he turns and begins to walk back across the lawn, towards his car parked on Bellagio Road.

435. INT. BEETLE ROOM

From their second story vantage point, Rice and Beaugardis stand beside a half-curtained window; they watch Hickey as he goes out the front gate and gets into his Nova.

CUT TO:

436. EXT. REAR OF ROYAL GARDENS APT. HOUSE
1261 N. FLORES ST.

NIGHT

Boggs' new Edsel zings along the concrete driveway and whips into the carport parking stall; Boggs exits the automobile and starts moving towards the back stairway of the building.

437. BOGGS

lumpers up the dingy, wooden staircase; he jingles his key-ring in one hand as he ascends the narrow steps.

438. BACK DOOR BOGGS' APT.

The detective starts to plunge the key into the lock but the door swings partially open upon the touch. Boggs hesitates, pulls out his gun - then kicks the door open.

439. INT. BOGGS' APT.

Still holding the big pistol, Boggs flips on the light switch; his small, two-room apartment has been demolished, ransacked, turned inside out.

CUT TO:

440. HICKEY

His face is numb; a phone is RINGING.

441. INT. HICKEY'S APT.

Hickey sits on the arm of an overstuffed chair; without focusing his actions, he reaches to an end-table and lifts the phone receiver off the cradle. The room behind Hickey has been destroyed, ripped apart in a maddened search.

HICKEY:

Yeah ...

442. INT. BOGGS' APT.

Boggs now holds the gun at his side as he speaks into the telephone.

BOGGS:

Listen, the torpedoes hit my place.
pulled it apart, they might be on
their way to see you ...

443. INT. HICKEY'S APT.

The twisted bedframe and mattress obscure Nyona's body - she lies on the floor across the room from Hickey; only her bare legs are visible, spattered with blood.

HICKEY:

They've already been here ...

CUT TO:

444. THE ANGEL MORONI

stands fifteen feet high, a beacon amid the surrounding blackness, covered with gold leaf, trumpet held to his pursed lips; he proclaims the restored gospel to the blinking lights of Los Angeles.

445. EXT. MORMON TEMPLE WESTWOOD NIGHT

A group of the annointed stands ready to enter the church, an Elder begins leading the procession. On the street corner in front of the temple grounds, a Man stands watching the passing traffic.

446. THE MAN

on closer inspection is the Prisoner; he peers out at the oncoming headlights.

447. A CHECKER CAB

pulls up to the intersection; the Prisoner climbs into the back seat, the taxi drives away.

448. INT. CAB

Monte is the driver, Fatboy sits next to him; Ballard is in the back seat alongside the Prisoner. The taxi continues rolling down Santa Monica Boulevard. After a few moments of silence:

BALLARD:

You want to talk business?

The Prisoner nods, Fatboy stares straight ahead.

CUT TO:

104.

449. EXT. CARBON CANYON ROAD

WED. MORNING

The Edsel negotiates several tight turns, passes the Country Market and Gas Station; the anachronism barrels on down the highway.

CUT TO:

450. INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR

MORNING

Wyatt and Papadakis walk rapidly down the hallway; clerks and office personnel scurry around them.

PAPADAKIS:

She was killed about three-thirty,
four o'clock, same M.O. as the
Burns job ...

WYATT:

What was her name?

PAPADAKIS:

Nyona Natwick ...

WYATT:

Hickey's clear?

PAPADAKIS:

Looks like it ... he was across town
at the time of death ... a lot of
witnesses ...

WYATT:

(all spleen)

Get every God damn thug that was ever
near a contract off the street and in
here ...

PAPADAKIS:

Check.

WYATT:

We've got five God damn deaths in
this city and not one God damn arrest ...
Who's town is it?

CUT TO:

451. EXT. CHINO PRISON

MORNING

The Edsel swings through the Main Gate and into the visitor's parking lot; Boggs gets out of his automobile and enters the Administration Building.

CUT TO.

452. A GRIZZLY BEAR

at the Los Angeles Zoo has cleverly taught human beings to throw him peanuts when he stands on his hind legs; he rises majestically, the crowd responds on cue with a shower of nourishment - among the people are Rice and Beaugardis.

453. THE PRISONER

stands near a drinking fountain watching the bear. He crosses to Beaugardis' side, the three men glance covertly at one another and then turn away from the bear compound; they begin walking up the circular roadway towards the reptile farm.

CUT TO:

454. EXT. ROOFTOP SWIMMING POOL ORGANIZATION BUILDING
LATE MORNING

Brill splashes a final lap around the rectangular pool and pulls himself up the chromed ladderway. Ballard hands him a towel; two other Junior Executives stand at poolside. Brill rubs his body vigorously with the rough cloth.

BRILL:

It's all set?

BALLARD:

We're ready to go...

BRILL:

Good, no more misses, no more mistakes...

BALLARD:

Check...

Brill runs the towel through his hair.

CUT TO:

455. SLIDE PROJECTION BLEDSOE'S FACE

A black and white image, full face shot; the projector CLICKS, the young man's face (from the Coliseum sequence) replaces Bledsoe.

PAPADAKIS:

(v.o.)

Wait... go back.

(CONTINUED)

455 (Cont.)

Bledsoe's face reappears.

PAPADAKIS:

(v.o.)

This was the one wearing the wig?

SHAW:

(v.o.)

Right... Phillip Bledsoe, two previous arrests, one conviction... front man for a smack dealer...

The young man's face FILLS THE SCREEN.

PAPADAKIS:

(v.o.)

Nothing on this guy?

SHAW:

(v.o.)

Nothing... clean.

456. PROJECTION ROOM

Cigarette smoke curls up into the white shaft of light thrown out by the projector; Shaw holds the slide projection switch in his hand.

The image changes to Farrow.

PAPADAKIS:

No record?

SHAW:

None...

Another flick of the switch brings Burns' face onto the screen.

PAPADAKIS:

No record?

SHAW:

Clean.

Papadakis waves his hand, Shaw snaps off the projector and brings the house lights up. Papadakis slumps disconsolately in his chair.

SHAW:

What kind of cop was Hickey?

(CONTINUED)

456 (Cont.)

PAPADAKIS:
 (musing, still
 thinking about the
 face he has just seen)
 Bad... big mouth, boozier, a lot of
 dumb jokes... let's see the transcripts...

Shaw hands Papadakis a portfolio of documents; the Sergeant
 begins slowly going through them.

PAPADAKIS:
 He's just a wise ass...

CUT TO:

457. INT. BLACKHAWK BAR AND GRILL

MID-DAY

Hickey sits on a stool at the counter of the bar; alone
 save for the Barkeep, he is the Blackhawk's only customer.
 The detective nurses a shot glass of bourbon; Boggs enters
 the Blackhawk, sees Hickey, pauses, then crosses to his side.

BOGGS:
 You all right?

Hickey doesn't respond.

BOGGS:
 I was at the prison... Burns was just
 parolled... a girl met him there...
 she signed in as Shirley Tappan...
 Bingo.

Hickey slowly twists the shot glass in a circle.

BOGGS:
 I got Burns' address from the parole
 officer...

Hickey doesn't look up.

BOGGS:
 O.K., we're in business. Now let's
 go get 'em...

Hickey doesn't move.

BOGGS:
 Look, you want the torpedoes? We
 find the girl, they're gonna be close...

Hickey doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

457 (Cont.)

BOGGS:

Lookgodammit, they're not gonna come in here... it's a chance... it's a chance...

Hickey doesn't move.

BOGGS:

O.K. you quit. Fine. Just lay down and roll over right here. It's a nice place to do it because you're never gonna be thirsty... well you just sit here because I'm gonna go get 'em...

Boggs takes a step away from the bar, then stands looking at Hickey.

Hickey doesn't move.

BOGGS:

(he speaks
very softly)

You can sit here a long time but you can't bring her back and you can't make up for what you missed... the only thing you can do is to by God try to even it up, make it right... now I'm going out there and I'm gonna get 'em...

Hickey touches his drink, then pushes it aside. He stands up.

HICKEY:

Let's go...

CUT TO:

458. EXT. STARDUST MOTEL 9427 WILSHIRE BLVD. NOONTIME

The Edsel drives past the motel's parking lot entrance and pulls up on Wilshire, down the street from the Stardust.

459. INSIDE THE EDSSEL

Hickey sits quietly in the passenger seat; Boggs watches him as he carefully pulls out his Colt, checks the magazine clip, snaps it back into place and reholsters the gun. Hickey looks over to Boggs; his eyes indicate his readiness - the two detectives get out of the car.

460. INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR

Boggs stops before a turquoise doorway; Hickey again unholsters his .38; Boggs RAPS on the door.

461. HICKEY AND BOGGS

stare intently at the doorway. After a moment, Boggs KNOCKS again.

462. THE DOOR

partially opens.

VOICE:

Yes?

Hickey slams into the door with his shoulder, driving it open - Boggs follows Hickey into the motel room, bringing out his .357 as he enters.

463. INSIDE THE MOTEL ROOM

Burns flies backwards from the impact of the opening door; Hickey enters the apartment the way a fighting bull comes through the chute; Boggs stands a step behind.

HICKEY:

Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

463 (Cont.)

Burns looks wide-eyed at Hickey; Hickey steps forward and slams the Colt into Burns' gut, Burns slumps to his knees, Hickey pulls him up and throws him against the wall -- he hits Burns across the face with the gun, Burns again goes down, Hickey jerks him to his feet and pushes the Colt against his eyeball - Boggs comes forward and places his cannon on Burns' remaining eye.

464. BURNS

is pinned to the wall by the blue barrels crammed against his face; bleeding, he breathes heavily...

HICKEY:

Tell me where she is, or I'm gonna kill you.

BOGGS:

He will.

Burns makes a whimpering sound, his breath becomes a sob...

CUT TO:

465. A WOODEN PROPELLER

stands perpendicular to the ground; behind it a little Cessna 120 has been painted a solid red; the clean lines of the airplane give it an almost toy-like simplicity - it stands out among the row of trainers and crop duster parked along the edge of the airfield.

466. EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT

The Woman is now casually dressed, wearing slacks and a windbreaker - as she approaches the red Cessna, she carries the valise that accompanied her on the train from Pittsburg. The Woman opens the compartment door, sets the valise down, then climbs into the cockpit; the wooden propeller begins to turn, the 85 horsepower motor springs to life.

467. EXT. RUNWAY

The 120 taxis, turns, powers across the grassy field and lifts upward - churning into the air.

CUT TO:

468. EXT. U.S. HIGHWAY 101

AFTERNOON

The Pontiac Firebird whips Northward on the Coast Highway, passing Carpinteria, Gaviota Pass, cutting through the Santa Ynez Mountains.

469. INT. FIREBIRD

Burns is behind the wheel, glumly driving the car, an abrasion showing on his left cheek. Hickey sits in the passenger seat on Burns' right, Boggs occupies the back of the car. Hickey speaks with a calmness that comes from sleepless nights and personal loss.

HICKEY:

Don't be real depressed... You're going to be the only partner Mary Jane had that comes out of it alive... She killed Farrow, you didn't know that... She told you the organization got him, but a .32 isn't the way they do things and they'd never have killed him until he told them where she was. Farrow probably wanted a bigger bite so she nailed him... she was staying a half step ahead of the syndicate, they knew all her old contacts, they got your brother, when they find out you're out of the can, they'll be coming for you...

470. BOGGS

leans forward and speaks directly into Burns' ear.

BOGGS:

He's tellin' you that things could be a lot worse... think about it.

471. BURNS

shows no emotion, makes no response; he stares at the road ahead.

CUT TO:

472. EXT. PISMO BEACH STATE PARK

LATE AFTERNOON

The Firebird is parked along a deserted beach front road-way a few miles past the town. A wooden bridge lies at the end of the pavement - stretching beyond the planking toward the sea is a half-mile of open sand; at the shoreline a flood tide is beginning to run, cutting higher with each wave. On the horizon a low line of sand pyramids rise toward the North, ranging on for unbroken miles of white dunes.

473. INSIDE THE FIREBIRD

Hickey, Boggs and Burns sit waiting. Through the windshield a car begins approaching from down the road. The three men look at the car expectantly; the automobile's lines stand out as it comes closer - a black Rolls Royce Silver Cloud.

HICKEY:

(to Burns)

That's the hit?

Burns is silent, remaining sullenly unresponsive. Hickey wallops Burns behind the ear with the flat of his hand.

HICKEY:

(continuing)

Pay attention now, Mr. Burns...
that's the car?

BURNS:

Yeah.

Hickey and Boggs unlimber their pistols.

HICKEY:

You know what to do... get out, just
stand over there...

Burns gets out of the Firebird and stands at the roadside front fender. The Rolls pulls up and stops; Hickey opens the car door on the passenger side.

474. EXT. ROADWAY

Hickey slips around to the side of the Rolls, moving quickly he points his gun directly at the driver's seat, precluding any chance of the car swiftly accelerating. As the window on the steering wheel side is lowered, Hickey shoves his gun into the driver's face. Boggs moves to the other side of the car.

475. INT. ROLLS

Rice and Beaugardis sit in the front seat of the Silver Cloud; they look very depressed. Beaugardis, on the passenger side, holds a large Savon shopping bag on his lap, the open end of the sack has been carefully folded over.

476. EXT. ROLLS

The Detectives have flanked the car; Hickey looks down at Rice.

HICKEY:

Mister Rice, say hello to Mister Boggs...

Boggs opens the rear door and climbs into the back seat of the Rolls.

HICKEY:

(continuing; to Rice)

You just do what Mister Boggs tells you...

Hickey waves Burns into the Firebird; he then crosses back and again re-enters the passenger seat of the Pontiac.

477. INT. ROLLS

Boggs leans forward and quickly frisks the two men, finding no weapons he sits back, and then lays the .357 along side of Rice's ear.

BOGGS:

We're goin' to do everything just the way it was set up... O.K.?

Rice nods; Boggs turns to Beaugardis.

(CONTINUED)

477 (Cont.)

BOGGS:
 (continuing)
 O.K., Tubby?

BEAUGARDIS:
 This is very distressing, Mister
 Boggs...

Boggs waves a readiness signal over to Hickey.

478. INT. FIREBIRD

Hickey motions for Burns to commence operations; the former prisoner turns the engine over and slips the car into gear.

479. EXT. ROADWAY

The Firebird circles the pavement and starts across the wooden bridge! The Rolls follows the Pontiac, roughly maintaining a distance of fifty feet.

480. EXT. BEACH

The Pontiac and Rolls negotiate the squishy sand down to the waterline, as the terrain becomes firmer the Pontiac turns Northward and runs parallel to the long chain of sand dunes. The two automobiles slowly move along the shore, skirting beside the rising tide.

481. THE CARS

move around a point and continue driving down the shoreline - the paved roadway has now passed from view behind the imposing dunes.

482. THE SHORELINE

slips by as the Pontiac leads the Rolls along the ocean-front - tires crunching along the wet sand.

483. THE PONTIAC

rounds a second point and stops near the base of a disintegrated pier; only a few timbers and bracing cables of the dock now remain visible. The Rolls Royce pulls

(CONTINUED)

483 (Cont.)

up next to the Pontiac; both cars are angled inland rather than parallel to the shoreline - they face the white dunes that slope upward forty yards away.

484. INT. PONTIAC

Hickey's gun is pointed directly at Burns.

HICKEY:

How'd you pick this place?

BURNS:

We used to come here...

A pause.

HICKEY:

O.K., get out there and get ready,
wave her down just like everything
was swell...

485. INT. ROLLS ROYCE

Burns passes in front of the Silver Cloud's windshield;
Boggs slips the hammer back on his pistol.

BOGGS:

You two get your ass movin', take
the bag along...

486. ON THE BEACH

Burns moves twenty-five yards to the front of the two cars,
Rice and Beaugardis get out of the Rolls and walk up to
his side. Beaugardis carries the Savon sack in both hands.

487. INT. PONTIAC

Hickey sits slightly hunched over in the passenger seat;
gun in hand, eyes alert.

488. INT. ROLLS ROYCE

Boggs is in the rear of the car but crouched forward,
his arms propped up on the front seat. He stares at the
three men through the windshield; his pistol remains at
half-cock.

489. BURNS

shifts his eyes upward; waiting, looking, his face drawn taut. In the distance there is a faint buzzing SOUND that can be heard over the lapping water.

490. INT. COCKPIT CESSNA 120

The WOMAN guides the airplane across the dunes and shoreline; clearing the point, the two cars and three standing men become visible below. The Woman circles the plane lower.

491. HICKEY

looks across to Boggs in the back seat of the Rolls; Hickey points upward with his gun, Boggs nods back to him.

492. BURNS, BEAUGARDIS, AND RICE

look upward as the bright red aircraft passes directly overhead; Burns raises his arms, signaling the Woman.

493. INT. CESSNA

The Woman dips the airplane's wing, acknowledging Burns' gesture, she swings the craft around - now headed back towards the cars.

494. THE SHORELINE

The Cessna glides lower and reduces speed, the little tailwheeler touches down and begins to taxi along the beachfront, rapidly approaching the two cars and three men standing on the sand.

495. HICKEY, BOGGS

from inside their cars - watching the plane move closer.

496. BURNS

nervously turns his gaze from the approaching airplane to the white dunes on the immediate horizon.

497. THE CESSNA
motors to a halt twenty-five yards from the parked cars;
the wooden propeller jerks to a stop.
498. THE WOMAN
steps down from the cockpit carrying the valise. She
allows herself a quick smile as she approaches the three
men.
499. BURNS
looks over to the Woman, then again turns his eyes toward
the sand dunes. Another SOUND can be heard over the quiet
surf; a roaring, whirring noise becomes audible.
500. THE WOMAN
continues to approach Burns, Beaugardis, and Rice. The
roaring SOUND grows louder.
501. HICKEY
starts to open the car door; Boggs begins exiting the Rolls
- the two men get out of their respective cars next to one
another. As Hickey steps onto the sand he looks toward the
horizon, Boggs is at his side. The buzzing NOISE increases.
502. BURNS
breaks away from the group and begins running toward the
dunes - he moves at a right angle to the airplane.
503. FROM OUT OF THE DUNES
clearing the crest by twenty feet, surging forward like a
maddened wasp, a solid black Vought Allouette jet heli-
copter blasts into the clearing.
504. INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT
Monte is at the controls, Fatboy is in the back seat;
Ballard is strapped into the front passenger seat, he
cradles the cut down B.A.R.

505. HICKEY
pushes Boggs back down between the two cars.
506. THE WOMAN
hurls down the valise and begins running towards the automobiles.
507. BURNS
continues his flight toward the dunes and away from the parked vehicles.
508. RICE AND BEAUGARDIS
are mystified and flummoxed; they look upward at the hovering chopper and look their last...
509. BALLARD
is suspended by safety-streps attached to the cockpit ceiling; he swings out of the copter and squeezes off a 30 round burst; Rice and Beaugardis crumple onto the sand below.
510. THE HELICOPTER
strafes both cars and the airplane, the bullets tear through the metal - the chopper swings back across the clearing.
511. BALLARD
in the Allouette cockpit motions to Monte, pointing down to the fleeing Burns.
512. BURNS
is scrambling up one of the powdery dunes as the black copter suddenly looms overhead. He turns, trying to gesture to Ballard, pointing back towards the parked automobiles. His voice is submerged by the jet engine and whirling blades.

513. BALLARD

guns down Burns; the .30 caliber slugs ripple along the sand.

514. THE HELICOPTER

swings away from the dune and rolls back toward the automobiles; the chopper hovers near the bodies of Rice and Beaugardis, slowly the big machine is lowered - Hickey and Boggs have not been seen from the air.

515. BETWEEN THE CARS

Hickey and Boggs crawl back from beneath the vehicles; Hickey motions Boggs back around the rear of the Pontiac.

516. HELICOPTER COCKPIT

The chopper circles lower; now standing at nearly ground level - Ballard gestures to Fatboy; Fatboy scrambles past Ballard and jumps down to the sand.

517. FATBOY

runs crouched over then straightens up as he clears the copter's swinging vanes; he quickly approaches Beaugardis' body and grabs up the paper bag. Fatboy begins running toward the valise discarded by the Woman - it lies half-open on the beach.

518. BALLARD

stands at the cockpit door; he holds the B.A.R. ready, covering Fatboy's movement.

519. HICKEY

rises between the two cars, shields himself with the Rolls' front fender - he levels his .38 and begins sending off SHOT after SHOT.

520. BOGGS

sights at the chopper; he rips off two SHOTS with his Magnum.

521. BALLARD
is caught by surprise then instantly FIRES back, the big gun jerking violently in his hands - the plastic cockpit SHATTERS as the Detective's shots strike home.
522. HICKEY
firing, firing.
523. BOGGS
gets off two more SHOTS; the Woman scoots out from beneath the front fender; Boggs slams his fist down on her shoulder, then ducks backward as the Pontiac's windows and top are shattered by the B.A.R.'s FIREPOWER.
524. FATBOY
stands half-stunned, then runs back toward the helicopter.
525. BALLARD
gestures to Monte, the chopper begins to rise; Ballard continues FIRING.
526. THE FIREBIRD AND SILVERCLOUD
are decimated by the gunbursts.
527. HICKEY
keeps SHOOTING as the bullets explode around him.
528. BALLARD
is swung around in his straps as Hickey's bullet SLAMS into his chest.
529. HICKEY
FIRES twice more at the rising helicopter. His gun empties.

530. BOGGS
is hanging onto the Woman; he gets off a level SHOT at the chopper.
531. MONTE
strains at the Allouette's controls.
532. THE BLACK HELICOPTER
continues moving upward, smoke begins to appear from the Allison engine; white smoke, then black smoke, then flames...
533. MONTE
desperately pulls at the lift bar; the flames behind him grow higher...
534. THE CHOPPER
crazily circles, rises, falls, crashes, EXPLODES, bursting into a fire-ball against the side of a sand dune.
535. HICKEY, BOGGS, THE WOMAN, FATBOY
stand momentarily transfixed by the burning helicopter. Slowly they turn; Fatboy and Hickey face one another across the sand clearing.
536. HICKEY
tosses aside his empty gun; he looks to Boggs.
537. FATBOY
watches, trying to understand.
538. HICKEY
takes two steps forward and reaches out to Boggs. Boggs hands him the big .357.

539. FATBOY

stares with sublime hatred, circling, he moves to the airplane, always watching Hickey.

540. HICKEY

hefts the pistol in his right hand.

541. FATBOY

turns and grasps the wooden airplane propeller - with a tremendous jerk he rips it in half, tearing it away from the engine housing.

Fatboy stands holding the half-blade; he begins psyching himself up as he watches Hickey hold the gun.

FATBOY:
(screaming)
AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

542. HICKEY

begins walking towards Fatboy.

543. FATBOY

swings the propeller - half over his head like a Samurai...

FATBOY:
(continuous, horrifying)
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

544. HICKEY

walks forward, the .357 held at his hip.

545. FATBOY

still swinging the lumber he races forward, screaming, closing the ground...

FATBOY:
AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

546. HICKEY

extends both arms in front of him; he raises the huge gun, resting his right hand on his left wrist...

547. FATBOY

surging ahead; veins and cords popping; bestial, spit and roar; swinging the propeller like a ballbat...

FATBOY:

AAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

548. HICKEY

fires.

549. FATBOYISBLOWNTOFUCKINGHELLANDGONE

The body lies there all muscle, blubber and death.

550. HICKEY

stands holding the .357 for a moment; looking downward he nudges Fatboy's head with his foot, turning the big face on its side.

Hickey steps away from the gargantuan body and walks over to Boggs and the Woman - they stand in front of the bullet-riddled Silver Cloud. Boggs holds her by one arm.

HICKEY:

She have a gun?

Boggs holds up a tiny .32 automatic. Hickey looks at the Woman.

HICKEY:

(continuing)

Mary Jane... We've been looking all over for you...

She stares calmly at Hickey; Boggs releases her arm.

HICKEY:

(continuing)

You sold everybody out but your loverboy then he sold you and they sold him...

Mary Jane looks over the accumulated bodies and wrecked machinery; her eyes return to Hickey.

MARY JANE:

It's a lot of money...

(CONTINUED)

550 (Cont.)

HICKEY:
(speaks very slowly)
Yeah it sure is...

A pause.

HICKEY:
(continuing)
Why don't you go pick it up?

Silently and without sullenness, performing the task with uncomplaining obedience, Mary Jane Bauer walks across the clearing and begins to gather up the valise and paper bag.

Hickey hands the .357 back to Boggs; Boggs points the muzzle into the air and pulls the trigger, the hammer falls on an empty chamber. Boggs stuffs the pistol into his belt.

HICKEY:
(continuing)
Thanks.

BOGGS:
Anytime.

Mary Jane has retrieved the two bundles; she turns and slowly begins walking up the beach toward the road beyond the dunes.

551. HICKEY

turns to Boggs; he is very tired.

HICKEY:
Let's go home.

The two men follow Mary Jane Bauer up the beach.

552. THE SUN

is now directly on the horizon; it touches the water and the whole earth goes orange and purple.

FADE OUT.

*** THE END ***